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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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A GREAT EXPERIMENT

THE late Archbishop of Canterbury is said to have spoken of the present Government as "not a very courageous" body. Had he lived to study the provisions of the new Irish Land Bill, he might have felt himself compelled to modify that criticism. For the chief characteristic of the measure introduced by Mr. Wyndham last week is its boldness. The state of our Imperial finances cannot be regarded from any point of view as satisfactory. The national expenditure, considered on a normal basis, has risen from about £97,000,000 in 1896 to over £140,000,000 in the financial year just ended. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is beset by claimants for remissions of taxation. He is told that at least threepence must be taken off the income-tax if the Government is to survive, and those interested in coal, corn, and sugar are all demanding that the taxes which burden their respective industries must be diminished in the coming financial year. And yet the measure for which Mr. Wyndham is responsible proposes to pledge the Imperial credit to the extent of at least £100,000,000, to provide a free grant from the Treasury of £12,000,000 for the purpose of facilitating the process of abolishing the dual ownership of Irish land in favour of a peasant proprietary, and will, as its author admits, involve a total expenditure of no less a sum than £150,000,000 sterling.

The scheme proposed is comparatively simple, although its details are intricate. Free contract as between landlord and tenant has become impossible in Ireland. The Land Act of 1870, which simply gave to the tenant compensation for his improvements—in other words, a potential tenant-right—did but little harm. But the subsequent agitation of the Land League produced the Irish Land Act of 1881, under which the concession of the "Three F's"—fixity of tenure, fair rents, and free sale—practically divided the land between occupier and owner. Subsequent legislation reduced the landlord still further to the position of a mere rent-charger, and brought about an economic demoralisation and an excess of litigation to which we are wholly strangers in England.

Now, in view of a general change and the apparent moderation of opinion in Ireland, it is proposed to cut the Gordian knot by transferring to the tenants under the guarantee of the State, "an operation of pure credit," Mr. Wyndham calls it, the land which represents £4,000,000 sterling of annual rents, to take the figure

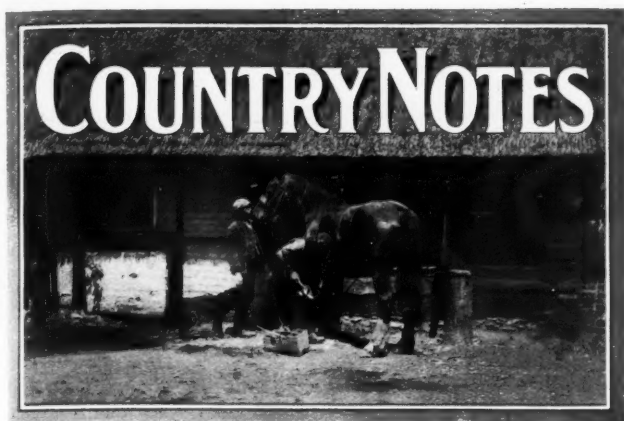
which the Irish Secretary accepts as the basis of his calculations. The amount paid by the tenant who has had his rent fixed twice under the Act of 1881 is to be reduced by from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent., whilst those rents fixed only once are to be reduced by from 20 per cent. to 40 per cent. This reduced rent the tenant will continue to pay, as to seven-eighths for 68½ years, and as to the remaining one-eighth, in perpetuity. At the expiration of the period named the land will become the absolute property of the tenant, subject to the small perpetual charge, which will provide Ireland with a land revenue of about £400,000 a year. The landlords will receive a cash payment representing at least twenty-five years' purchase (probably more) of the existing rents. This financial feat is accomplished by the simple process of lending to the tenants at 3½ per cent., and borrowing from the financial world on the guarantee of the State at 2½ per cent. The process is to be accomplished by voluntary agreements between landlords and tenants, although the new Estates Commissioners are to have the power of purchasing "estates" as a whole. The "cash aid" of £12,000,000, which is to be distributed in proportions varying with the value of the estate, a larger share going to small owners and less to the greater proprietors, will, in respect of removing existing burdens and investigating titles, for the most part pass into the pockets of lawyers and land agents. This class is generally supposed to be hostile to a large measure of Land Purchase. And the "bonus" is designed to conciliate their opposition, very much as the 5s. per cent. to solicitors aided the passing of Lord Goschen's famous scheme for the reduction of the interest upon Consols. Those landlords who care to do so will be able to retain their mansion-houses and demesnes, and will have an option as to selling their sporting rights.

What then, it may be asked, is the exact risk which the country will have to undertake according to this scheme, and what are the prospects that it will succeed? In the first place, there is the capital sum of £100,000,000, which is to be raised in sums not exceeding £5,000,000 per annum for the first three years, and then at a greater rate, the whole process taking fifteen years. For this employment of the Imperial credit, says Mr. Wyndham, the country will have "cent. per cent. security" in the value of the land. It will have the collateral security of the £2,584,460 of Exchequer contributions now paid in aid of Irish rates. And as regards the financing of the scheme, the security will be a fresh equivalent grant of £185,000 a year for education in Ireland, which is now announced.

As to the bonus of £12,000,000, the maximum advance will be £390,000 a year, attained in fifteen years. As against this the Irish Executive promise an immediate reduction of £250,000 a year in the expense of governing Ireland. Here, at least, the Imperial Exchequer apparently scores. And the whole question of the success of the scheme seems to depend on the ability and goodwill of the Irish tenants to keep their bargains for the future. On this head we have the evidence as to the working of the Land Purchase Acts. No fewer than 80,000 Irish tenants have purchased their holdings since 1885, and Mr. Wyndham says that the State has not lost a single penny by the transactions in question. The statement is, perhaps, somewhat absolute, since we understand that in some cases, at all events, the instalments have only been recovered after legal proceedings had been taken. But the policy of the Ashbourne Acts has undoubtedly been justified by the result, although it is a blot upon the latest of them that the tenant is no longer required to pay down part of the purchase-money when he enters upon the full legal possession of the holding. Not only, however, have the bargains made under these Acts been kept up on the whole, but all over Ireland it is reported that rents are being regularly paid. A Kerry landlord stated the other day that for the first time in his life he now knew what it meant to be in receipt of an income. The tenants feel that they are working on their own behalf, and they are animated by an extremely keen desire to become the legal owners of the soil they till. Crime has decreased; and the happy thought of the Dunraven Conference has shown a greater leaning towards compromise and conciliation to exist than has been known in Ireland since the time of the Union. It is certainly the duty of the Government to seize the opportunity, and to try, by lopping off the second branch of Mr. Gladstone's upas tree, to produce something in the nature of a permanent pacification. But in the background there must always lurk the danger of fresh agitation, and the possibility of a general strike against the payment of rent to the State. The risk is by no means slight, but our expectation is that it will be taken.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Sybil Grant, the elder daughter of the Earl of Rosebery, who on Saturday last was married to Mr. Charles John Cecil Grant (Coldstream Guards), the son of General Sir Robert Grant.



MOST people will hear with satisfaction of the visit which the King intends to make to Ireland during the summer. During the reign of Queen Victoria the Emerald Isle was undoubtedly neglected to a very considerable extent by Royalty. The late Queen was so fond of Scotland, and of Balmoral in particular, that not till the very evening of her life had she any time to go to the Sister Island. But, at present, the omens are all in favour of a Royal visit. Mr. Wyndham has succeeded to an extraordinary degree in conciliating public opinion in Ireland, and nothing is wanted to confirm and strengthen the good feeling except the Royal visit.

The burial of the late Sir Hector MacDonald was as pathetic a sight as was ever witnessed in his native country of Scotland. The procession passed through Edinburgh in the early morning, when the inhabitants were all asleep, and not more than one hundred spectators witnessed the consignment of his body to the ashes in the Dean Cemetery. Yet a few weeks ago there was no man in the country that people were prouder of, and, indeed, whatever may have been the offence that led to this tragic ending of his brilliant career, at this moment there is no resentment against him, but regret, almost amounting to anger, that no other way was found out of his difficulties except that preferred by the ancient Romans. No doubt if the public had been left to choose, he would still have had a stately funeral; but, under the circumstances, the relatives of the deceased General were well advised in making the ceremony as private and quiet as possible. Sir Hector MacDonald will be remembered for the splendid career that he made for himself, and his name will go down to posterity as "Fighting Mac," while we trust that the charity of mankind will draw a curtain over the evening and ending of his days.

Admiral Dewey, in his moments of relaxation, is instructive as well as amusing, and it is evident that the Germans have found food for reflection in his very frank remarks about their Navy. Neither the Emperor nor President Roosevelt was likely to be so foolish as to make the after-dinner talk of a naval officer matter for international discussion, but the truth rankles all the same. Admiral Dewey is a very capable man, and though it is possible that his contempt for the German Navy is a little overdone, it cannot fail to go home to the people of the Fatherland. The value of the incident, however, lies chiefly in the light it sheds on the dislike which is almost as great between Germany and the United States as it is between Germany and this country.

The *Fortnightly Review* has long been noted for the sagacity of its anonymous articles on foreign policy, and this may be one reason why so much attention is being paid to the article in the April number. Our own opinion is that the writer is much too clever and ingenious. His central idea is that the German Emperor is looking forward to the break up of the Austrian Empire, and that his warlike preparations are in anticipation of that event. It is set forth that the Emperor William has only used the ha red of his subjects to us in order to facilitate the getting of sufficient money to build ships. Were that the case, however, it is very probable that the Kaiser would find that he had been handling a very dangerous tool. When hatred is once excited in a nation it is very apt to sweep away kingdoms and rulers in its flood, and the *Fortnightly Review*-er has unconsciously painted a great danger to European peace.

Monday, March 30th, 1903, is a date to be remembered. On it, for the first time, commercial use was made of the system of wireless telegraphy invented by Signor Marconi. The *Times* published quite a long message of over thirty lines from its New York correspondent, which is, we believe, the first instance of a

newspaper having its information conveyed by this means. The editor was well inspired in choosing for a heading to this news, "By Marconigraph." The word may not be formed according to any classical model that we know of, but it is fairly euphonious, and Marconi is well entitled to have his name associated with the discovery. In process of time it may be that the Post Office will adopt his system, but it would be wonderful indeed to find it ahead of private enterprise. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, however, in answer to Sir John Leng on Monday night, assured the House of Commons that the Post Office would take up wireless telegraphy as soon as the authorities were assured that the company were in a position to deal satisfactorily with the business handed to them. "Slow and sure" is his motto, or, to put it in another way, "There is luck in leisure." We suppose that after every newspaper in the kingdom has learnt to make use of the "Marconigraph," the Post Office will take it up.

It is much pleasanter to congratulate the *Times* upon being first in a matter of genuine commercial enterprise than to think of the advertising device in connection with it. A generation ago it would not have been thinkable that "The Thunderer" should condescend to such methods of selling its wares as the institution of a system of prizes. True, they are very large and handsome prizes, ranging from £1,200 to £12, but that the scheme is gigantic in its dimensions does not change its character. "The Leading Journal," as it used to be called, ought to know its own business best, but a good many outsiders are of opinion that its position and influence have not been greatly improved by the novelties in advertising used in connection with it of recent years. This may be in the way of being very modern and up-to-date, but it is in the worst sense of these objectionable terms.

A WINDOW IN WHITECHAPEL.

From day to day within my room
I watch the square of yellow gloom
So small. How can days dawn and die
In that sad strip of London sky?

The trees outside my window spread
Their bare black branches overhead;
For me the wild birds nestle there—
Sweet minstrel-pilgrims of the air.

Will spring drop fairy buds of green,
And paint with blue and gold that scene;
Touch with rose-flush the April day,
Or will she miss us on her way?

Night folds her wings upon the world,
Her sombre banners are unfurled;
Stars pierce the darkness of the skies
And watch my room with friendly eyes. I. CLARKE.

There was much that was affecting in the scene witnessed at Euston Station the other night, when a modern band of "Pilgrim Fathers" took their departure for Canada, where they are to found new towns and build up a new race. They were under the personal direction of the Reverend J. M. Barr, and included about fifty sons of clergymen, five sons of an Irish peer, and representatives from nearly every class and trade in Great Britain. We have called them "Pilgrim Fathers," but many women and children were included in the number. Each pays for his or her own passage, but that is all the expense they are put to, and upon reaching Saskatoon they will travel some three hundred miles along the old Hudson's Bay trail till they come to the scene of the future colony. Three towns are to be founded, and land is to be given free to the emigrants. One cannot help looking into the future and trying to imagine what the place will be like in the year 2003. Will Macaulay's New Zealander, we wonder, be then able to stand on London Bridge and moralise on the ruins of our capital while oversea another has arisen?

With reference to a subject often discussed in these columns, the deterioration of red deer in Scotland, a correspondent informs us that his late father, who died at a ripe old age, had a lease of a stretch of country on the Scottish hills that is now subdivided into three separate forests, each with a rental several times that which he paid for the whole. But the most interesting point about the communication is in regard to the weight of the stags, which at that time, he assures us, was of an average of 26st. Our correspondent attributes the deterioration of stags to the multitude of hinds, affirming that until the numbers of these lady eaters of the pastures are very much reduced, the lords will never bulk as largely as they used to do. This, at least, we shall have no difficulty in admitting, that hinds are too many and require killing down, but at the same time we must recognise the probability that this is only one, among several, of the reasons for the diminished weight of the deer. The shooting off of the best stags and the inbreeding that has been fostered by the pernicious policy of enclosing forests surely have had their effect. While all are agreed as to the sadly diminished weight of stags,

it would be interesting to know whether hinds have deteriorated in quite the same ratio. But the records of the ladies' weights have not been kept so carefully.

Although some of the early rivers in the West have been practically unfishable, in consequence of the heavy rains and floods, it would seem as if we were destined to see the rivers of Hampshire, our chief trout streams, that are fed from the chalk, constantly lower with the recurrence of each angling season. For many of the evils to which our rivers, considered as the habitat of both trout and salmon, are liable, human agency is only too obviously responsible; but this cannot be said to be the case with regard to the diminished and diminishing supply from those springs in the chalk which we believed only a short while ago to be perennial and even inexhaustible sources of supply. The sad condition of some of the rivers, that have almost ceased to be worthy of the name, in Hertfordshire, has proved more clearly than enough that this pleasing belief was an illusion. Trout have been feeding well in the generally mild weather, since the spawning season, and are well forward in condition, the problems connected with stocking the streams and with weed cutting in moderation are beginning to be better understood and more intelligently faced, but the constantly pressing question of the water supply is one to which the answer seems almost beyond our powers to find, and becomes year by year more serious.

Unfortunately it is not only from the point of view of trout, salmon, and the rest of the people that live in the rivers that the water supply question is a serious one. The problem of supplying ourselves with sufficient water for our common needs is one that becomes continually more insistent over the whole of the Midlands, the East and the South-East of England. So insistent does it become, that it seems not impossible that we shall have to resort to some modified form of "barrage," analogous to the method that is proving so great a success on the gigantic scale in Egypt, in order to conserve the abundant water of winter to supply the drought of the summer. It is, at all events, a question that ought to occupy the most serious attention of the Government.

William Blake had very hard times when he was living in London, and if now, when he is on the meadows of Asphodel, he is still cognisant of what goes on on this planet, he must have been considerably astonished at the prices paid for his work at the Earl of Crewe's sale the other day. During his life the largest sum ever paid to Blake was £150, given him by John Linnell in instalments of two or three pounds a week. On Monday his drawings realised close on £10,000. The job drawings alone brought £5,600. These are the drawings that were bought by Mr. Butts, and afterwards passed into the possession of Mr. Monckton Milnes, from whom Lord Crewe obtained them. For the drawings meant to go with "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" the first offer was £200, and they were finally purchased for £1,960. "The Book of Urizen" fetched £307.

This rage for Blake is a craze of comparatively recent date. We believe that practically it was started by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who, for a few shillings, purchased one of Blake's hand-illustrated books, and commenced that devotion to the poet-painter which afterwards became the fashion in cultivated circles. Some years ago the drawings were very beautifully copied by a granite merchant, of all people in the world, and even these copies were sold at a very handsome price. If we mistake not, they were acquired by Mr. Quaritch, and have become quite a rarity, and correspondingly precious now. The curious medium used by Blake for the illustrations, particularly of the "Songs of Innocence," was rediscovered by the copyist, and the work was done so exactly that it would be difficult to tell the original from this imitation of it.

Some interesting figures relative to the value of Irish land some two hundred and seventy years ago are to be found in letters of the statesmen of that time. The ill-fated Lord Strafford states that land in Ireland sold, in 1637, usually at ten years' purchase. In that very year, however, Sir Christopher Wandesford, the popular Lord Deputy, who afterwards became Viscount Castle Comer, purchased the Castle Comer estate of 20,000 acres for as many pounds. It is true that much of the land was uncultivated, but how much higher a price would have been commanded even at that time by such land the same distance—forty miles—from London that this was from Dublin? Lord Deputy Wandesford stands out as the most liberal and enlightened of Ireland's benefactors. He improved his estate and introduced better systems of cultivation in a day when scientific farming was unknown. He introduced many new industries, such as the smelting of iron, and greatly encouraged the linen and other manufactures. He was universally regarded as a benefactor to the country; yet he had not been long dead before a popular rising made short work of his home,

and forbade the payment of the three years' rent which he permitted his tenants to keep in hand. It would be difficult to say how often this latter bit of history has been repeated in Ireland.

Mr. Charles Booth, who is as excellent in business as he is in philanthropy, in his "Life and Labour of the People of London" makes a suggestion about the old City churches that seems to be well worth acting on. We all know that the City, being inhabited by a population that only comes for business, is practically deserted at week-ends, and the churches are on Sundays empty. Mr. Booth's idea is that these churches, being at the present time practically useless, ought to be brought into the service of the young people of the neighbourhood. He would have them open during the whole of the week with fixed hours for lectures, conferences, choral parties, and other similar wholesome and instructive purposes. We can see no objection to this whatever. If the churches are not utilised for the purpose for which they were originally built, the nearest approach to carrying out the designs of those who erected them is to utilise them in any way that will help young people of either sex to spend pleasant and profitable evenings.

JOAN-A-WAD.

Have e'er you met with Joan-a-Wad?
Her face would send a wise man mad,
And turn a sad man from his grief.
Her hair is like an autumn leaf
And fine as gossamer that flies
Abroad beneath September skies,
Ere reapers carry the last sheaf.
The marshes are her dwelling-place;
O'er yielding tussocks she can pace,
And never soil her scarlet shoon.
Made, in the darkling of the moon,
By that shoemaker elf who mends
The brogues of Robin and his friends,
And teaches larks to sing in tune.
She has the marsh-fire for her lamp;
Fog dims it not, nor any damp
Breath of the bogs; and 'tis her joy
Unwary travellers to decoy
Into the middle of the mire,
With mimicry of some cottage fire
Or lantern of some village boy.
Her mischief has no narrow bound;
She has her victims bogged and drowned;
Yet is she like a maiden fair,
With eyes all innocent of care.
Follow no torch-flare if you go
Among the bog-lands, friend or foe,
But keep the high road, safe and glad,
And look not after Joan-a-Wad.

NORAH CHESSON.

Captain Scott and his two companions appear to have had one of those journeys to the South that come to be recorded in history. They took with them only four weeks' provisions, and as they proceeded the snow became softer, and the extra strain told upon the dogs, which in the end all died. It seems to have been even worse for them coming back, as they got into a thick fog, and for five days had to steer through darkness, to add to their misery, their rations being short all the while. Lieutenant Shackleton burst a blood-vessel in one of his lungs. We scarcely wonder that those who first saw the plucky and indomitable discoverers said that the marks of the hardships they had gone through seemed to have turned them from youth into elderly men. They were, however, well in health and cheerful, and are of that hardy breed of men who would dare the same dangers again for daring's sake.

It must be a novel experience for a rich man and an owner of race-horses to be fined £2 and costs at a police-court. This occurred the other day with Mr. Campbell Russell, described as a gentleman. He was summoned for poaching on land belonging to the Duke of Westminster. The prosecuting solicitor described the offence as "twentieth century poaching." He said the defendant and his mother-in-law used to drive over the land in a trap, accompanied by a greyhound, and when they saw a hare they set the dog on it. This is an example of the curious views that some people entertain of the sporting rights, which they seem to think they can exercise in any part of the country, but, in reality, it is one of the most reprehensible forms of poaching, since it has not poverty as an excuse.

The selection of St. Margaret's Hope and Bay on the Firth of Forth as the site of a new Naval base has led to the ventilation of a collateral project. The place in question is situated on the north side of the estuary, immediately to the west of the Forth Bridge, and it is interesting to note that our largest warships will be able to pass through the arches of the bridge with ease. It is now proposed in addition to widen the existing Forth and Clyde Canal. This begins at Grangemouth, a few miles west of St. Margaret's Bay, and comes out on the Clyde at Bowling, which is a few miles east of Dumbarton. The idea is that, if the canal were widened, ships of war would

obtain easy access to the ship-building and repairing yards on the Clyde. At present there is but little ship-building on the Forth, even at Leith. The new scheme would cost £6,000,000, and it is very doubtful if this expenditure would ever be recouped. But the idea is interesting as calling attention once more to the view held by a good many experts, that the canals of Great Britain, which have been neglected ever since the days of the railway mania, ought to be made more use of. In some respects the comparative success of the great Manchester Ship Canal has encouraged this notion. For the Ship Canal is now established as a waterway, although the £12,000,000 of capital with which it is loaded will probably prevent the payment of a dividend to the ordinary shareholders, at all events, within the lifetime of the present generation.

The news that the "Morning" sends home of the "Discovery," the vessel engaged in scientific exploration of the Antarctic seas, is altogether satisfactory. It is apparent that the former arrived none too soon for the comfort, if that term may be used without suspicion of irony, of the explorers in the Antarctic ice, for some of their provisions had gone bad, and revictualling was very acceptable. We may be assured that for the present, at all events, the "Discovery," crew and passengers,

are well provided for. The expedition seems to have been fruitful in good scientific work, and it is to be especially noted that it has discovered several new species of marine fauna. *In the Arctic zone it is only too clear, from reports received from the Newfoundland and Nova Scotian banks, that the icebergs have come South unusually early and in unusual numbers. This is unwelcome news for all whose business or pleasure is likely to call them across the Atlantic, adding, as it evidently must, to the difficulties and risks of Transatlantic navigation.

If any further evidence were needed of the abnormal conditions prevailing at the present time both in the crust of our globe and its atmospheric surroundings, it might be seen in the very remarkable shock of earthquake that lately was felt throughout the Midlands of England. It is most curious that its effect should have been so strongly experienced by railway travellers over the lines that were traversed by the seismic wave. One would not have expected that it could be felt among the many jolts and shakings that are familiar enough to us even on the best laid of our railway lines; but, on the contrary, it seems to have been felt as a movement strangely and even alarmingly different from any of those that the ordinary course of travel subjects us to in our temperate clime.

THE INTER-VARSITY SPORTS.

THE admirers and partisans of Cambridge athletes walked away from Queen's Club last Saturday with a high and haughty mien, their favourites having inflicted on Oxford the severest defeat that either University has ever known; to be precise, only two events, the Long Jump and the Hurdles, fell to the Dark Blues, while the athletes of the lighter hue scored no less than eight wins.

For some reason several of the papers, regardless of former facts, hinted that Oxford might "save their face" and "draw" the match, while others credited Cambridge with only a six to four win. Personally, I expected seven to three, hoped for eight to two, and was rewarded! It certainly seemed to me to be curious that one writer, for instance, "tipped" Wade-Palmer for the Hammer, "notwithstanding the (superior) performances thus far accomplished by Leeke." Leeke won, and with a throw that makes a record under the present conditions, viz., 126ft. 8in. Hales could do more than this by 10ft. or 20ft. with the old ashen handle and unlimited run. I believe in limiting the run, but do not see why the slinging of a small cannon-



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THE FINISH OF THE HUNDRED YARDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

(Barclay to the Front.)

ball with a flexible string and releasable handles should be called "throwing the hammer." Leeke "putted" the weight only 1in. short of 38ft., beating his colleague, Lyttelton, to everyone's surprise, with a "putt" of about the length we had expected from the son of that famous cricketer, C. G. Lyttelton, now Lord Cobham. Leach of Oxford long-jumped 22ft. 3in., and Howard Smith of Cambridge won the High Jump for the third time by "lepping" 5ft. 10in. He tried again at 6ft., and missed by "as near as doesn't matter."

All these four "field" performances were remarkably good, for the grass was greasy and the path heavy from the heavy rain that fell pitilessly for the first hour of the sports, accompanied, as it was, by a nasty cold wind that made one feel a genuine sympathy for bare-legged athletes.

It may be said here that nothing could have been better than the arrangements made by the authorities; the punctuality was splendid, and the programmes models of what such things should be. Had the supervisor of weather been a better man of business, the sports of 1903 would have been famed for many a day,



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SECOND TIME ROUND IN THE HALF-MILE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

but, as already suggested, times and distances undoubtedly suffered, which was all the more to be lamented because both Universities were very strong, and several records might well have gone by the board. It was, too, a little hard on Oxford that with so good a team of their own they should have had to meet so exceptionally a fine lot of performers as Cambridge possessed; in ordinary years there is no reason why Oxford should have been beaten.

To my mind the best performance of the whole meeting was Garnier's hurdling; he had, of course, a fine wind behind him, but he had slippery turf under him, and no opposition, for he lost his rivals at the second hurdle; level time under these conditions was exceptionally good. Barclay won the Hundred in 10½sec. by a yard and a bit, having been in front all the way, and only pressed by his colleague, Churchill. He likewise ran a splendid and a winning Quarter in 50½sec., running so strongly that if the path had been more lively he might have beaten level time.

The Half-mile—long may it be an institution!—produced a rare, though not a very fast, race. Cooke of Cambridge was leading about 200yds. from home, but then Wilson (Cambridge) and Holding (Oxford) shot past him, and worried each other hugely down the straight. They see-sawed past each other several times amid frantic shouts of excitement, but in the final see-saw it was Wilson who got in front, kept in front, and won a rattling race. Most people regarded the Mile as a certainty for Gregson of Cambridge, though there were Oxonians who contended that Gay-Roberts had never been extended. This time Gregson not only made his rival gallop, but also galloped right away from him, winning hands down by 40yds. The time was poor, as modern times go, 4min. 27 2-5sec.; this may be partly attributable to the heavy going, more to the fact that the two chief runners were to meet in the Three Miles, and so eased off, one when he was winning, the other when he was losing, with a view to future emergencies.

As things went, however, they were not destined to meet seriously, for the racing in the long distance lay between Macnaghten of Cambridge and the Dark Blue Godby. Gay-Roberts dropped out early, but Gregson stayed in with the other two, who ran a most punishing race, the most desperate I ever saw, for the final mile. Personally I thought that Macnaghten was trying to slaughter Godby for the sake of Gregson, who was hanging back, but Gregson clearly felt the effects of the mile, and it was left to Macnaghten to sprint away from Godby in the last 300yds., and to win by 50. Both men seemed to be much punished after their



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THE HIGH JUMP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

desperate duel. The time was 15min. 13 2-5sec., a long way behind Horan's famous time, 14min. 44 3-5sec., of exactly ten years ago, but once again much time must be written off on account of the state of the path, though the weather had kindly cleared up. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and about 6,000 or 7,000 spectators.

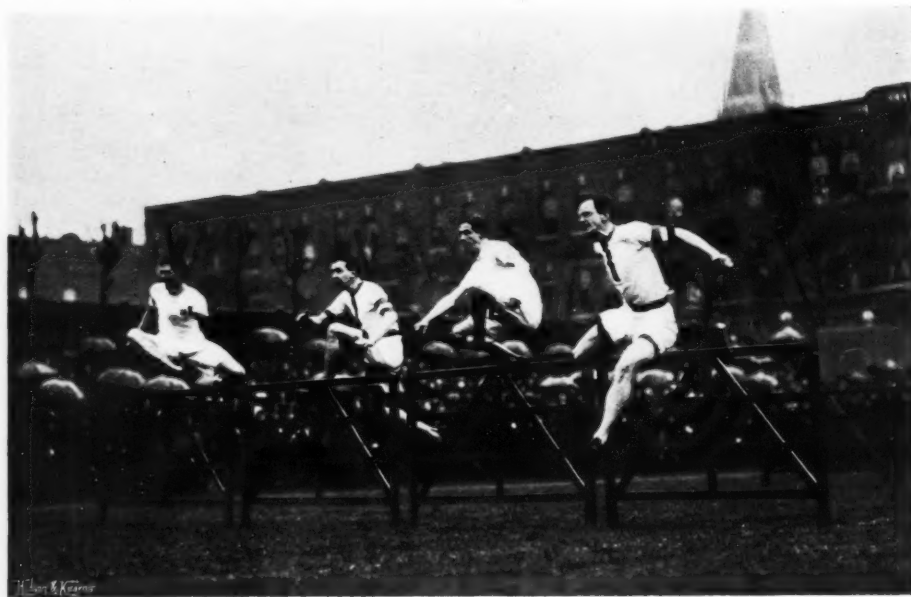
W. J. FORD.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A FEW weeks ago we drew attention to a very fine article in a contemporary on the subject of "How the Animals Die." This essay forms part of a book, *The School of the Woods* (Ginn and Company), by W. J. Long, which we obtained in order to see how far the high level of the article was maintained in the volume. The result is, perhaps, just a little disquieting, and for this we are in a measure inclined to blame the publishers, who have sent Mr. Long's book out with a page covered with little spotty illustrations, which, far from illustrating the text, diminish its significance. There are, however, several very fine essays in the book, which one might class under the headings of descriptive and philosophic. As an example of the first we quote the description of a fight of two bull elk.

* There was a terrific duel under way when I swung the canoe alongside a moment later. The bulls crashed together with a shock to break their heads. Mud and water flew over them; their great antlers clashed and rang like metal blades as they pushed and tugged, grunting like demons in the fierce struggle. But the contest was too one-sided to last long. Of Dev'l had smashed down from the mountain in a frightful rage, and with a power that nothing could resist. With a quick lunge he locked antlers in the grip he wanted; and a twist of his massive neck and shoulders forced the opposing head aside, and a mighty spring of his crouching haunches finished the work. The second moose went over with a plunge like a bolt-struck pine. As he rolled up to his feet again the savage old bull jumped for him, and drove the brown antlers into his flanks. The next moment both bulls had crashed away into the woods, one swinging off in giant strides through the crackling underbrush for his life, the other close behind, charging like a battering-ram into his enemy's rear, grunting like a huge wild boar in his rage and exultation. So the chase vanished over the ridge into the valley beyond, and silence stole back, like a Chinese empress, into her disturbed dominions."

In this connection we cannot help pointing out that nothing whatever is gained by the author's use of the old Indian names for the



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THE HURDLE RACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

forest animals; at least nothing is gained by European readers. The word "Quoskh" applied to the heron, the "Unk Wunk" to the porcupine, and "Umquenawis" to the moose, convey no meaning whatever to our minds; they certainly have not the justification that a country *patois* or dialect has. Mr. Long excels greatly in, as it were, interpreting the naturalness of Nature—witness the following passage defining the nature of grief in animals.

"When the young birds or animals are taken away, or killed by hungry prowlers, the mother's grief endures a little longer. But even here Nature is kind. The mother love for helpless little ones, which makes the summer wilderness such a wonderful place to open one's eyes in, is but a temporary instinct. At best it endures but a few weeks, after which the little ones go away to take care of themselves, and the mother lets them go gladly, thinking that now she can lay on fat for herself against the cold winter. If the time be yet seasonable when accident befalls, the mother wastes but few hours in useless mourning. She makes a new nest, or hollows out a better den, or drops her young in deeper seclusion, and forgets the loss, speedily and absolutely, in rearing and teaching the new brood—hurrying the process and taking less care, because the time is short."

Again, his belief that there is nothing but joy in Nature is almost worthy of the poet who said that "Nature did never yet deceive the heart that loved her." We know that Wordsworth's successor held the opposite opinion, and with him Nature was "red with tooth and claw," and the warring of life with life seemed part of the misery of existence. Mr. Long paints life, on the contrary, as full of gladness, and the following extract will show in brief what he thinks of the subject.

"I am still sitting on the old log by the salmon pool, with the great river purring by and the white foam patches floating down from the riffles. A second little turtle has joined the first on his teeter board; they are swinging up and down, up and down, in the kindly current together. The river is full of insect life below them; they will eat when they get ready. Meanwhile they swing and enjoy their little life. Far over the mountain soars the great eagle, resting on the winds. The earth has food and drink below; he will come down when he is hungry. Meanwhile he looks down over the brim of things and is satisfied. The birds have not yet hushed their morning song in the woods behind me, too happy to eat, they must sing a little longer. Where the pool dimples and rolls lazily the salmon are leaping in their strength; frogs pipe and blink on the lily-pads riding at anchor; and over their heads in the flood of sunshine buzz the myriads of little things that cannot be still for gladness. Nature above and below tingles with the joy of mere living—a joy that bubbles over, like a spring, so that all who will, even of the race of men who have lost or forgotten their birthright, may come back and drink of its abundance and be satisfied."

Mr. E. K. Robinson's work is so well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE as scarcely to call for detailed description. The title of his new book is *My Nature Notebook* (Isbister), and it consists of the little paragraphs on natural history which, during the course of twelve months, he has contributed to the pages of the *Daily Graphic*. Lovers of the open air will find much to interest them in it, and a few things that they will be tempted to criticise. As an example of the latter, take this passage: "They (the skylarks that have migrated to this country) are unacquainted with our dogs, too, and will sometimes accompany a harmless terrier in an excited, chattering flock all the way across a field, hovering close above him. It is this unusual interest which a small dog arouses in the minds of foreign birds, who have never seen such an animal, that men who shoot and trap flying waterfowl utilise when they send out a trained dog to gambol in view of the birds and tempt them within the range of gun or net. So in autumn a pair of foreign stonechats—for, though these birds are to be seen in England all the year round, they are migrants—will accompany a dog from bush to bush down the whole length of a hedge, keeping as close to him as possible, and often fluttering within a foot or two of his back." Now from this passage it would appear that a decoy man, who uses a dog to pique the curiosity of ducks and other wild fowl, assumes the birds to be foreign, and that there are no dogs in foreign countries. This is a natural conclusion from his writing, and, as Euclid might have it, it is absurd. Perhaps, too, the work would have had more "bones" in it if Mr. Robinson had given dates of more of his facts. The arrival of the nightingale and other migrants might have been more carefully noted. Mr. Robinson's style would be none the worse for a little more substance, because it is scarcely so pictorial as to stand by itself, and it would be further improved if the author would refrain from assuming that he knows the innermost thought in the minds of beasts and birds. Yet, notwithstanding these slight criticisms, Mr. Robinson's book deserves high praise for the incessant observation it discloses, and the absolutely clear manner in which the results of it are set forth. He is the chronicler of Norfolk wild life, and we trust he will next year keep and publish a calendar.

A new series of "Country Handbooks," issued by John Lane, opens with a *Tramp's Handbook*, of which the author is Mr. Harry Roberts. The book may be correctly, if not very elegantly, described as "skittles." In the first chapter we are given a list of methods for "honest earning of livelihoods" by

tramps, wherein "hawking in all its branches" figures as one. It would be equally a surprise and a pleasure to meet a tramp with a merlin or a peregrine on his fist. On his travels he is recommended not to burden himself with over four pounds of luggage, but as we go on we find that a military baggage-waggon would scarcely hold all that is recommended, as, for example, a waterproof sheet to sleep in, a strong watertight box with two iron bars attached, a seven-and-sixpenny lamp, a galvanised bucket, a couple of basins for washing purposes, pails, pots, pans, a portable washstand, a few carpenter's tools, to say nothing of a corkscrew, tin-opener, pocket-knife, billhook, rope, string, pack of cards, stationery, and a long list of similar trifles to be found in the chapter on "The Tramp's Furniture," which ends by recommending a portable forge. When we turn to the chapter on cookery we find a whole kitchen battery mentioned.

The chapter on "Wild Food" is very obvious skittles indeed. "If one has a good dog to indicate the burrow in which a rabbit lies hidden," some "good reliable ferrets," and a net "to throw over the hole through which the rabbit will try to escape" (?), ferreting has much to recommend it. The advice is evidently offered by one who never ferreted in his life, as if only one opening was netted and the bolt-holes were not, the rabbit is not such a fool as to come out that way. Besides, the tramp attempting to put this advice to the test is not likely to prolong his wanderings.

The direction about snaring rabbits go well with the curious picture which seems intended to illustrate them. Bird-catching the tramp is to do with bird-lime or a four-brick trap—are the bricks to be added to his impedimenta? On page 112 there are some fancy directions about bat fowling, but on the whole it seems likely that those who pin their faith to the guide-book will find their chiefest joy in the fact that "spiders, and even lice and centipedes, are esteemed as great delicacies by some"—at any rate, they can be caught. Seriously speaking, the whole book consists of a most inordinately dull and moralised hotch-potch of the doctrine taught by Thoreau and others. The only really teaching and suggestive phrase in the book comes as a title to one of the chapters—it is "The Ass as Comrade."

"ART IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY" (Cambridge University Press). Under this heading Mr. Charles Waldstein has published a course of lectures, delivered at Cambridge, which formed part of a series organised by the Extension Lecture Syndicate. This compact little volume gives a brief and optimistic survey of the art of the last century, dwelling largely upon the expansion of subject-matter, and mode and vehicle of expression in literature, music, painting, architecture, sculpture, and the decorative arts. With so wide a field to cover, of course only the most cursory survey was possible, but Mr. Waldstein gives a most interesting impression of the great outburst of energy in all branches of art in the much-abused nineteenth century. He describes himself as an *incipient nascent* in the very midst of a vigorous life, surrounded by the germs and the growth of great things in all matters human, and he doubts whether, in the whole history of the race, a like outburst of energy can be found. This is uttered in defiant indignation against the "young and old, wise and foolish, thoughtful and brainless," who mouth the phrase "decadent" or "fin de siècle," with a smile of pregnant, familiar understanding. In the extremely scholarly lecture on literature, Mr. Waldstein dwells fully upon the expansion of subject-matter in novels. From Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," published in 1749, through the Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith period to Jane Austen, he says, the novelists form an unbroken progression of writers drawing literature nearer and nearer to actual life. From Jane Austen, whom he considers the founder of the modern novel, the long line continues in the same direction, headed by Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and followed by George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Kipling, Bret Harte, and others. The lecturer touches on the extraordinary development of photography during the century, and sees in it a possible benefit to art, in so far that it may intensify the need for a broader and more imaginative rendering of the aspects of life and Nature. And it is a significant fact, he says, that during this age of marked advance in the use of the camera, the impressionist school of painting has become most prominent. Perhaps, in his survey of painting, Mr. Waldstein has not sufficiently insisted upon the influence of impressionism. He speaks of the enormous growth in landscape art culminating in the Barbizon School, but he gives no credit to the names of Claude Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, and Sisley, the pioneers of impressionism in out-door life, and the actual founders of the most living school of modern landscapes. In so brief a summary we could scarcely expect to see justice done to the subject of modern sculpture, though it is interesting to note that Mr. Waldstein admits the importance of such an artist as Rodin. He confesses, however, that, for many years, owing to his preconceived ideas of the limitations of sculpture, he was unable to put himself in sympathy with sculptors of that type. The trend of the ideas in all the subjects treated in the book is to the effect that we should learn to realise that the nineteenth century is the age of artistic expansion. The italics are Mr. Waldstein's.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

The Land of the Black Mountain, by R. Wyon and G. Prance (Methuen).—Few Englishmen know much, save in the most general way, of Montenegro—in fact, their knowledge may be summed up roughly in the colloquial phrase "gallant little people." It is a marvel that they have remained independent for so long. So this book, which describes in lively fashion the

adventures of two Englishmen in Montenegro, will be welcome. In spite of a lack of finish in the matter of style, it is eminently readable, for the travellers have clearly observed closely, and there is a great deal in the ways of this hardy, thriftless, gambling, and foppish race which is well worth studying.

Correspondence of Lady Burghersh with the Duke of Wellington, edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall (Murray). An important volume, illustrated by some excellent portraits. The community is under a real obligation to Lady Rose Weigall for permitting the publication of these letters, which serve, and are intended to serve, to illustrate the softer side of a character which has been in many respects (and it must be admitted very naturally) misunderstood.

Please, M'm, the Butcher, by Beatrice Guanacino (Unwin). Not a book of jests, but a cookery book containing no end of recipes, a menu for every day in the year (breakfast, luncheon, and dinner), and fifty-two dinners without meat.

Marty, by John Strange Winter (F. V. White). In the author's usual style. The heroine is the daughter of a superior second-hand clothes-dealer, and is annoyed when her lover, who is in a Government office, does not introduce his sister to her in the park.

The Triumph of Count Ostermann, by Graham Hope (Smith, Elder). A novel of diplomacy and the like in Russia, owing "its existence to two sentences in Mr. Nisbet Bain's 'Daughter of Peter the Great.'" One could almost wish the sentences had been quoted. The novel is entertaining.

Thirty Years in Australia, by Ada Cambridge (Methuen). Thirty years ago Mrs. Cambridge started for Australia in the good ship Hampshire, which took seventy-seven days to make the voyage to Port Melbourne. She was

then the young wife of a curate who in due time became an incumbent and occupied many homes, some of them in the bush, and others in the cities. Her descriptions of the former are marked by no common measure of charm. The concluding chapter, concerned with Mrs. Cambridge's views of the probable future of Australia, is gloomy, and there is every reason to fear that the gloom is justified. Only Mrs. Cambridge hopes, more perhaps than others dare to hope, that the revolt of patriotic and broad-minded Australians against the Civil Servants and the Labour Party may succeed. Until it does there is little hope for Australia.

The Ideals of the East, by Kakasu Okakura (Murray). "Asia is one. The Himalayas divide, only to accentuate, two mighty civilisations—the Chinese, with its communism of Confucius, and the Indian, with its individualism of the Vedas. But not even the snowy barriers can interrupt for one moment that broad expanse of love for the Ultimate and the Universal which is the common thought-inheritance of every Asiatic race, enabling them to produce all the great religions of the world, and distinguishing them from those maritime peoples of the Mediterranean and the Baltic, who love to dwell on the Particular, and to search out the means, not the end, of life." This high-sounding passage, the first in a remarkable book, is singled out for quotation not for the sake of the arguable questions which it raises, but in order to have the pleasure of saying that it, like the rest of the book, is the product of a Japanese brain working in English. It is a wonderful achievement, and the book itself, written by "the foremost living authority on Oriental archaeology and art"—to quote Mr. Nivedita of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda—is perhaps the most striking example of the extraordinary versatility of our new allies. An opportunity of recurring to it may, it is hoped, afford itself.

OLD NORTHUMBERLAND.

IT is extremely doubtful if any artist ever succeeded so admirably as Thomas Bewick did in expressing in a few tiny pictures the country life of his time. Unconsciously he painted a world that was fast fading away, for when he



ASKING A BLESSING.

lived, in the latter years of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, wonderful and potent inventions were, as it were, waiting at the door, and the hundred years that have passed since then have probably been more fruitful of changes than any of the three centuries that preceded them. Railways, telegraphs, education, and the penny post have produced their effect even in Northumberland. But still enough is left to enable us to understand the occupations and pastimes of the rural swains whose lives Bewick has so vividly depicted. Take, for example, the cottage interior, which comes first on our list of pictures. The face of the man is that of the hazy, vacant labourer at the farm, a bachelor one can easily see, and one who lived his life and said his prayers and probably went every Sunday to the meeting-house, as they call the Presbyterian church up there. He has come home from labour, and is sitting with his wooden bowlful of porridge, a horn spoon and bicker for milk at the side, and with raised hands and closed eyes he is piously asking a blessing on the humble meal; but the too friendly cat, who has been very lonely all day, has jumped on the table, and takes the opportunity, while he is at his devotions, to claim a share of the porridge. It is laughable, and yet the fun is not wanting in a touch of sympathetic tenderness and insight.



SHOOTING ON STILTS.

Bewick was a great wanderer in his native county, and such types as this must have been familiar to his eyes as household words. The bachelor living by himself was naturally more

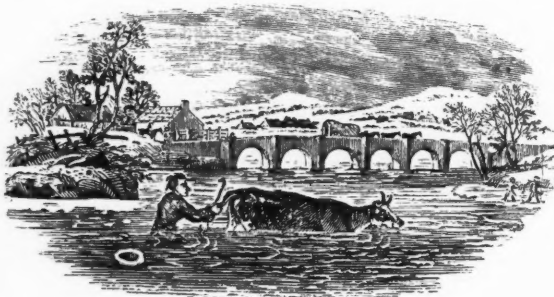
of a character than the married rustic. He let himself develop in whatever direction fortune chose. If stupid, as this one evidently is, he became more so; if a sloven, he allowed his slovenliness to increase and get the better of him. Marriage made all the difference in the world. It forced a man out of himself whether he would or no. Bewick, going about the country sketching, doubtless caught many of these from nature itself.

It is certain that he was abroad at all times, and in all weathers, and no doubt spent many an hour behind a hedge or a haystack watching these rustics when they had not the slightest idea that his kind and humorous eyes were looking on. We know of a cottage where for many a long year the walls were decorated with rough sketches

of birds that he had presented to the inmate of his time. In the next picture we have an example of the robust North Country fun, which amounted almost to devilment. The postman on his old nag with the bags on either side has just begun to ford a stream, when three youths, who have been flying a kite, manage to catch the head of the miserable man, who is in danger of some kind of accident, though what it is to be the artist has



THE KITE.

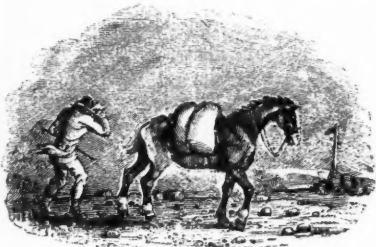


ESCAPING THE TOLL FEE.



THE JOLLY FARMER.

left a good deal to the imagination of the looker-on. They might be youths amusing themselves, and still they are not unlike highwaymen. The third is a very delightful picture. One almost feels the snow lying on those sloping Cheviot Hills and on the waggon which three horses are dragging across the bridge. A man in the foreground is attempting a very ancient and familiar dodge, though it almost makes one shiver to look at him. He is



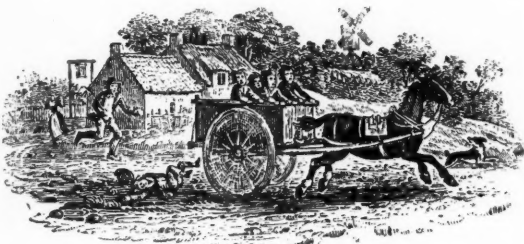
THE PACK-HORSE.

fording the river, or rather making his cow swim across while he holds on to her tail, and in his anxiety not to leave go he has allowed his hat to be blown off, and it is floating at his side in the chilly water. The reason for this adventure speaks volumes for the frugal and hard life the poor labourer lived in those days.

What has terrified him is the toll-bar on the bridge, and he has adopted this curious method of getting across in order to avoid paying the small sum that used to be charged. Would farm labourers of to-day do as much to avoid the payment of a few coppers? We expect not. Better wages have made them more spendthrift.

Our next picture is also one of a snowy scene, and the only doubt one has in one's mind is whether the man on stilts, who is venturing on the shallows of what appears to be a bog or mire, is a poacher or a legitimate sportsman, as it is quite possible for either the one or the other to have adopted this method of getting at game. One would like to see him shoot. Must he get down from his stilts to do so, or can he manage to shoot on them? Years ago, when the present writer was a child, the use of stilts in this manner was not at all uncommon, but he has not seen them for many a day, except it might be at a fair or on a holiday, when the old stilts are sometimes brought out for diversion. In old times they were a regular part of the countryman's equipment, but that was before the country was so thoroughly drained. It abounded in marshes and boggy places that could not be traversed except by this means, and the islands and clumps of rushes were always very favourite resorts for ducks and other wild-fowl.

The succeeding tail-piece is a contrast to the others. It carries us to the outside of a little garth, in what we should take to be the month of June. The jolly fat tenant, or more probably yeoman farmer, is looking over his gate with the half-emptied mug of beer still in his hand, and an old-fashioned church-



THE RUNAWAY.

In another illustration we return to the dreariness that Bewick seems to have loved. It shows a wild Northumbrian moor, and from the way the pack-horse holds back his ears we can tell that a bitter north-east wind is blowing, a fact accentuated by the thoroughly blown-about appearance of the unfortunate man. He looks almost too bewildered to find the finger-post which will direct him on his way. The illustration is interesting as showing what was the ordinary way of carrying such things as flour to the mill in the old time. Many ruined mills in Northumberland, not approached by any main road nor anything wider than a bridle-path, were known to the writer, and old people used to tell us how small farmers and others sent their barley and oats to be ground on a pack-horse, which was heavier laden when he went than when he came away. In those days the miller was paid by what is called in the North Country his "mouttar," or more properly "multure." There used to be a tradition that he was entitled to take out of each sack as much as he could hold in his two hands, but he usually placed a more liberal translation on his rights. The meal was distributed by a dusty white man called the "poker," but if I may venture a shot at the etymology of the word, it ought to be spelt "pocker," "pock" being the Northumbrian word for sack. He went about in a cart when I was young distributing his bags of bran and pollard sharps and barlev-meal and oatmeal. Davy the Poker was his name.

Silent now are the mills, and broken and motionless the great wheels; the cauld or dams are unmended, and only a ruin here and there, overgrown with weeds and ivy, tells where the jolly yeoman used to come with his pack-horse. Not very jolly is the one in our picture. Rain and wind are beating on him and his horse, and the desolation of the moor make one shiver; but wait till his errand is done and see him over his ale in the village inn, and the epithet will be justified.

Another scene is one of winter and cold weather. The landscape, with its fields, its ragged hedges, and its spinney, is typically Northumbrian. So is the poacher who, with his blunderbuss and mongrel, is sallying forth in search of plunder. Well does the poor hare know his peril, and as if conscious of the treachery of the snow he tries to hide himself in the spinney. The poacher is an institution nearly as vigorous to-day as he was in the day of Bewick, and gamekeepers are well aware that he is never more active than during a snowstorm. Of course, this refers to the village variety, the one that Bewick loved to study and paint, but the one who comes from the pit village or the manufacturing town is less interesting, because he has just as little individuality as any other item in the great town crowds. Before leaving this picture of the poacher, attention should be directed to the extraordinary rendering of the snow. Mr. Ruskin has pointed out Bewick's ability in this respect, but it still remains a marvel how, in simple black and white, he can attain to such artistic effect. A further scene might be described as exceedingly typical of Northumberland country



THE POACHER.

life and humour, were it not that the remark applies to nearly all the tail-pieces. The scenery must be familiar to every lover of the county, though the windmill in the distance is less known than it used to be in the early days of last century. But the little wayside inn, with its roof of pantiles and back garden, has not changed much in the intervening years. The man with the cart has evidently stopped to allay his thirst and perhaps gossip with the landlady, who stands astonished behind him. Meanwhile a parcel of mischievous boys have got into the cart and some of them have worried and tickled the horse until it runs off with them; one of the number has ignominiously come to earth, and the faces of the others are almost tragical as the horse flies off, to the great joy of the dog. We are left in doubt as to the issue, but there is just such a touch of humour in the situation as to suggest that Bewick meant us to comfort ourselves with the expectation of a happy ending.

Our next illustration represents the sort of village fun that the very humanitarian generation we live in would not endure. Some boys are indulging in the ancient joke of tying a tin kettle to a dog's tail, and he is flying in terror down the village street with this domestic utensil bumping and jangling at his heels. The boys are evidently enjoying the dog's terror, while the old village blacksmith, instead of reproving them, is looking



AN ANCIENT VILLAGE SPORT.

on with as much interest as themselves. It is a pretty village, and perhaps might be identified by those who best know Bewick's country.

The embarrassment of a beggar, or "gaberlunzie," supplies the motive of another of our pictures. He has thrown aside his wallet and has got a stick in his hand trying to withstand the onslaught of a most ferocious-looking watchdog. Among the devices and

tricks these gangrels used to have for withstanding the attack of their enemy, the most effective was to wrap a cloth or something round one arm, and practically shove it into the dog's mouth. The brute did not usually have much discretion as to where he set his teeth, and would attack this well-guarded arm with all his force, while the agile tramp would, in the expressive slang term, "lam it into him" with the other hand. But this one does not look to be in a very good defensive position, and unless



BEWARE OF THE DOG.

somebody comes to the rescue, he is certainly in the way of having a bad time.

In the last picture of the series Bewick's fancy finds more expression than in almost any other. Here, again, we have a poacher; but he is not a land-thief, but a water-thief. This time he carries with him the old-fashioned implement of his art,

the "leister," which was called on the borders a "four-taed" one. He is pursuing his occupation by moonlight, and not without success, as we can see from the salmon that lies at his feet; but he does it in fear and trembling, and his apprehensive eye sees a million elves and goblins that peer at him from the wood. Very cleverly indeed has our artist depicted the manner in which, to the eye of so excited an imagination, the tree-bark assumes a goblin form, and fiends and evil things peer out of every bush and thicket.



A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

TATTERSHALL TOWER, LINCOLNSHIRE.

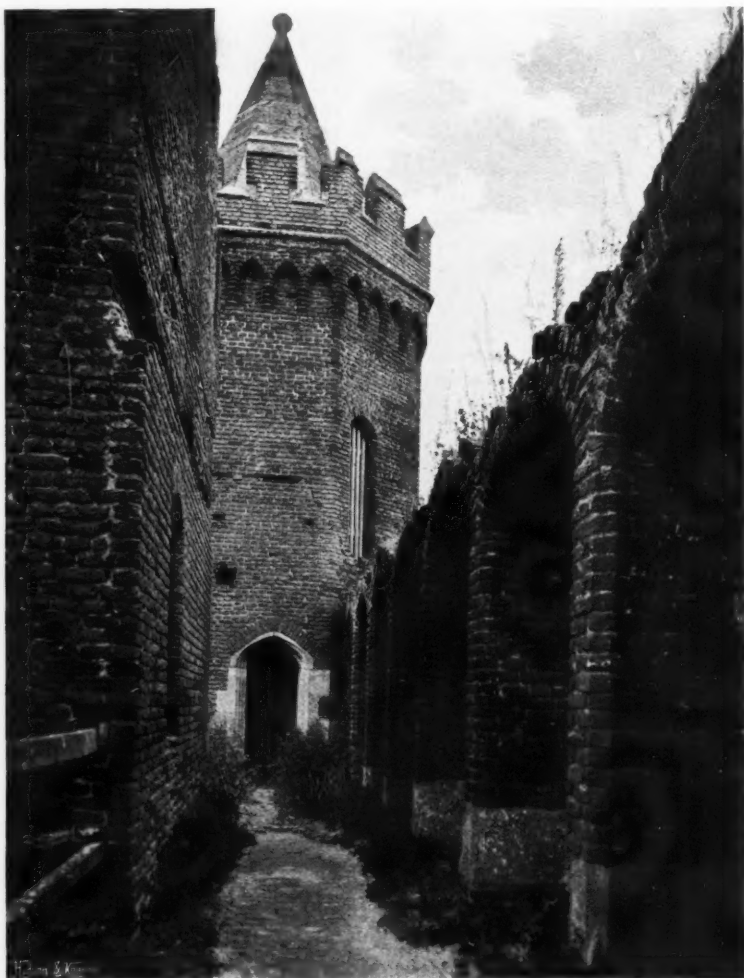
AMONG types of ancient houses once not uncommon in England were the tower-built houses, made not necessarily for defence, but because it was the fancy of the owners to have them built in that peculiar manner. On the Borders most of the houses were of this design, ranging from little solitary peels to castles like Dacre, because they were the safest home in a land constantly liable to raid and foray. But there was something in the type which appealed to the fancy or pride of owners of a much later date than the builders of the border forts. Besides such houses as Dacre and Belsay in Cumberland and Northumberland, we find the tower houses of Nunney Castle in Somersetshire, Middleton Tower near Lynn, and the magnificent pile of Tattershall in Lincolnshire, the subject of the present article. It is a large mansion, practically complete in one spacious and lofty tower, formerly fitted with elaborate ornaments inside, and with every convenience and luxury known to the builders of great houses at the time it was erected. The interior is, in fact, almost more interesting than the exterior, for it is the most considerable instance of the use of this form of residence, and of the way in which the architects of the day made a single tower a habitable mansion.

There were certain advantages about the tower design which commended it to the taste of the early days just before or during the Wars of the Roses. It was far the safest form of house. The ground floor covered less area than in any other design, and consequently the walls could be made thicker and the base easily protected by a moat. Tattershall Tower was surrounded by a very wide moat originally, but this is now nearly dry. All the offices, and generally what is now termed the "curtilage," were built of wood

as a rule, sometimes in so temporary a manner that when a Royal visit, or even a call for a few days from some considerable person, was expected, additional stabling of wood was run up. But the house itself stood foursquare and solid, and each storey was safer and more secure than those below. The roof could not be set on fire; the lower floor was almost impregnable, and there was always an excellent view from the upper windows and leads.

But Tattershall Tower, though built very strongly, and probably much the most solid and splendid piece of brick-work in England, is only defensive in a very secondary

manner. It is probably almost the last, and largest, house in which the tower type was continued. The large size of the lower windows shows that it was not seriously meant for defence. Its builder was the Lord Treasurer Cromwell who "flourished" in the reign of Henry VI., and amassed a great fortune, when most other people were losing theirs in the Wars of the Roses. His "totem," the money bags of the Treasurer's purse, appears in various parts of the building. It is seen especially in the beautiful mantel-pieces. These are of stone let into the brick, and so fine in design that they were copied by Barry in the Houses of Parliament. In the heraldic mantel-piece the money bags occupy each corner. At either corner are fine turrets, or tourelles, so large as to be towers themselves. The parapets run over a most elaborate machicolated gallery, commanding all the base of the tower, as well as being very ornamental, and making a splendid and rich arcade; yet the battlements stand high above this, carried on arches, under which is an agreeable vaulted walk, with views both downwards and across to the distance



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NOBLE MASONRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and horizon. Above this was a second platform, and another parapet with battlements, and above this again rise the turrets themselves. A beautiful photograph taken at this level shows the inside of this splendid gallery, with its arched windows and vaulted roof. It also gives a good idea of the size of the turrets. This great tower house produces a prodigious sense of height and solidity combined. It is raised upon vast arched vaults, extending from their centre through the angles of the tower into the bases of the turrets, and under the crown of these vaults was a deep well, now filled up. From these foundations the tower rose sheer to a height of 116ft. to the top of the battlements, and when the roofs were on the turrets, to a total height of about 130ft. The turrets were embattled, and covered with lead roofs. Perhaps the most striking feature is the machicolated gallery. Such features were seldom designed on anything like this scale in English buildings. The view from the leads of the grand platform must have been one of the great attractions of the house. The east wall is very thick, and holds the galleries and passages communicating with the dwelling-rooms, and



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A STately LANDMARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

also leading from the main staircase in the south-east turret, which has a fine stone handrail, and a groined roof at the top. This great staircase is the most remarkable work of the kind in England, and has been the subject of special notice in connection with the great staircases at Chambord and Blois, in Mr. T. A. Cook's new and most interesting work on "The Spiral in Nature and Art." It consists of 175 steps, and communicates with no less than forty-eight separate apartments, four of them of great size, contained in the walls of this wonderful tower. "Its stone handrail, sunk into the wall of brick, and beautifully moulded to afford a firm hand-grasp, is original in conception and probably unique in design. This is the only staircase in a building 87ft. long and 69ft. wide. The curve of the staircase is of the rare 'sinistral' formation (*i.e.*, the handrail is on the left hand), and is contained in a turret 22ft. in diameter with enormously thick walls." On the ground floor is the most beautiful early stone fireplace in England. It is ornamented with foliage, animals, including a squirrel, quite outside the general design, in the left-hand corner, and coats-of-arms. At each end is the Treasurer's



Carlton.

A CORNER TOWER FROM THE TOP STOREY.

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purse. There were four great apartments, all with fine fire-places. The windows are quite large, and not meant for serious defence, which was given by the moat and machicolations. The bricks are all small and bright red. They were brought specially from Holland to build the tower. Altogether, it is a most remarkable house, and clearly the work of a remarkable man. The architect is believed to have been William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester.

Some curiosity will naturally be felt as to who this Lord Cromwell was who built the mighty tower of Tattershall. Oliver we know, and Thomas Earl of Essex, the Great Despoiler. There was also a series of Lords Cromwell descended from the son of the Earl of Essex, the fourth



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AN ANCIENT PASSAGE.

"C.L."

of whom was made Earl of Ardglass in Ireland in 1645. But this earlier race of Cromwell peers is very little known to the general public. They were of high descent and great antiquity, and perhaps the reader may think it worth while to trace how they rose and flourished and came to be in a position to undertake such a work as Tattershall.

A Ralph de Cromwell, who was among the rebellious barons in the reign of King John, was made a "Justice in Eyre" for the counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, and Derby by that King's son. To him succeeded another Ralph, and then John, who married an



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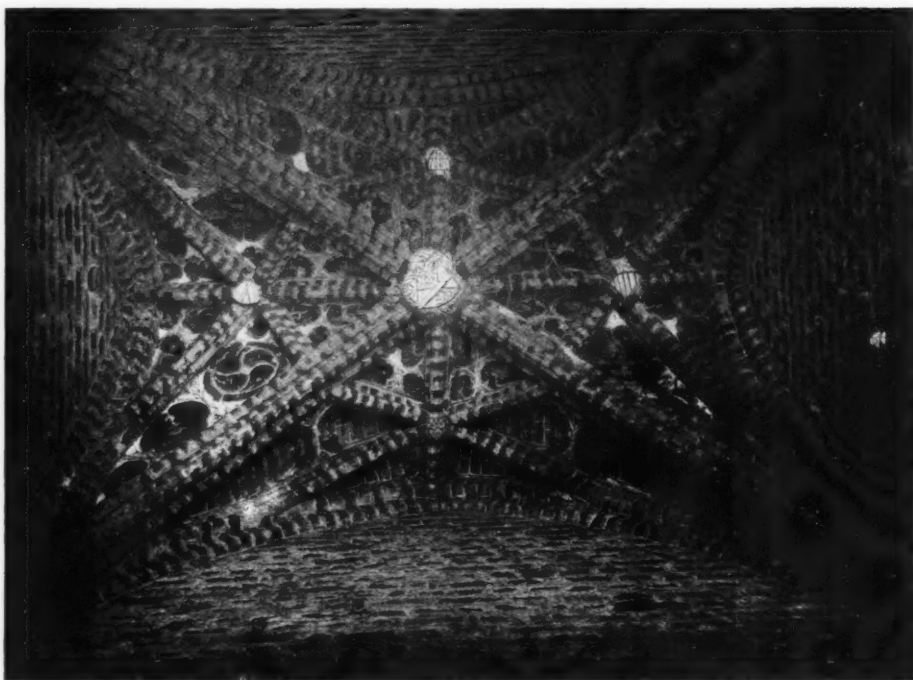
A DESERTED HEARTH.

"C.L."

heiress of Robert de Vipont, hereditary sheriff of Westmoreland, and became not only very rich, but was made Constable of the Tower by Edward II., with many other honours and appointments. His son, Sir Ralph Cromwell, married Maude, sister and heiress of William Bernach of Tattershall. He made Tattershall his principal residence in the reign of Richard II., but as yet not a brick was laid of the existing great tower. His son died before he did, but his grandson Ralph succeeded to the peerage, and married an heiress of the d'Eyncourts. He was a man of great ability, and in the second year of Henry VI. was made Treasurer of the Exchequer, in token of which the Treasury bags are carved on the chimney-pieces of his house. He was made a peer, Constable and Steward of Nottingham Castle, and Warden of Sherwood Forest. His taste for splendid

building was not only shown at Tattershall, for he built or began "the structure of a noble house at Cole-Weston in the county of Northamptonshire," afterwards finished by Margaret Tudor, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. He died childless, and his great possessions passed to his father's sisters. It is earnestly to be hoped that what remains of the tower may be preserved, and not be allowed to be broken and defaced as has been done in the past.

C. J. CORNISH.



Carlton.

A BRICKWORK CEILING.

Copyright

"A TERR'BLE VOOLISH LITTLE MAID."—II.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

I DID give the maid a right-down good talkin'-to, you mid think, but it didn't seem to do her much good.

"About a week or two arter, I was sendin' her to fetch the washin' back—I did use to wash for a lady what lived a mile away, and sometimes carrier did fetch it, and sometimes I did send Jenny. Well, 'twas a heavyish basket, and when I did see her marchin' back down the path, I says to her:

"You've a-been quicker nor I could ha' looked for," I says.

"Oh, e-es," says she, "somebody helped I for to carry it."

"Somebody," I says. "Who?"

"She went quite red, and opened her mouth and shut it again, and then she says very quick:

"Oh, a man what I met, as said it did seem too heavy for I."

"Ah-h-h!" said Mrs. Cross, seizing her opportunity as the other paused for breath, "it was him?"

Mrs. Chaffey resented the other's eagerness to jump to a conclusion, and continued in a voice of increased sternness, and without noticing the interruption:

"Next day was a Sunday again. I wasn't feelin' so very well, so I did tell her she mid go to church that mornin' an' I'd bide at home. Well, that there little maid took so long a-dressin' of herself as if she was a queen; so arter I'd called her once or twice I just went upstairs an' looked in at her. I had my soft shoes on, and she didn't hear I comin'.

"There she was, if you please, a-kneelin' before her bed, a-turnin' of her head this way an' that, an' a-lookin' at herself in a wold lid of a biscuit-box, what she'd picked up somewheres an' rubbed up till it did seem so bright as silver. There! the little impident hussy; she had stood it up against her pillow, an' she was a-lookin' at herself an' a-holdin' up a bit o' blue ribbon, fust under her chin an' then sideways again her hat.

"Jenny," I says, an', dear, to be sure, how the voolish maid did jump!

"Lard, ma'am," says she, "you did fray me!"

"What be doin' there?" I axes her, very sharp. "What be doin' with that there ribbon? Where did you get it?" I says, for I knowed very well she hadn't a penny of her own.

"She went so red as a poppy, an' stood still, gawkin' at I, wi'out making no answer.

"You did steal it, I d' 'low," I says, an' I gives a kind of a scream.

"Then she did go white, and her teeth fair chattered in her head.

"Oh, no, ma'am," she cried; "no, indeed. It be mine, honest. It was give me."

"Give ye," says I. "Who give it?"

"Then she did begin a-cryin' and a-rockin' of herself backwards an' forrads. 'It be mine,' she sobs; 'somebody did give it to I.'

"Somebody!" I says, an' the notion come to I all to once. 'It was never that man as you met on the road yesterday?'

"Not a word would she answer, but goes on cryin'.

"Jenny Meadow," I says to her, "I'll come to the bottom of this here tale if I do have to call Policeman Jackson in for to take 'ee to prison. Tell I the truth this minute, or I'll run out an' fetch en. It won't be the first time as you've met that man, whoever he be. Own up, or I'll call Jackson."

"Well, she was real scared, an' she ketched hold o' my arm—

"Oh don't, ma'am, don't do that!" she says, "I'll tell 'ee—I'll tell 'ee. 'Twas the man what did come to the door—"

"You wicked, wicked wench!" I says, "I d' 'low ye've a-been meetin' of en regular."

"No, indeed, ma'am," she cries, "I never set eyes on en since that day, till yesterday, when I did meet en quite accidental-like—an' he did offer to carry my basket for I, an' he did put his hand in's pocket an' pull out this bit o' ribbon—he'd a-been carryin' it about hopin' to meet I, he did say, for he did think it jist the same colour as my eyes."

"Well! well!" exclaimed Mrs. Cross, clapping her hands together and shaking her head. "Lard now! dear to be sure! What nonsense-talk, weren't it, ma'am?"

"I did tell her so indeed," returned Mrs. Chaffey, severely. "I did tell her plain what I thought of her—'Courtin' an' carryin' on wi' a tramp on the road!' I says.

"He bain't a tramp," she cries, quite in a temper, if you please. "He's an honest, respectable young man. He've a-got good work now, an' he be a-lookin' for to settle."

"Ah!" put in the irrepressible Mrs. Cross. "He was lookin' out for a wife."

Once more Mrs. Chaffey quelled her with a glance, and proceeded:

"An' be he wantin' you to settle wi' en?" I axed the maid straight out.

"She hangs her head, an' begins a-playin' wi' the buttons of her bodice.

"He did say so," she says, very low; he did ax I to walk wi' en an' think it over—he be gettin' good wage," she says, lookin' up at me. "He says he'll do all what he can for me—I think I could like en very well—I d' 'low he be a good man."

Mrs. Cross clicked her tongue and shook her head with an air of disapproval.

"Yes, indeed, my dear," cried Mrs. Chaffey warmly, "that was my own opinion. My dooty did stare I in the face.

"Put that there notion out of your head, Jenny," I says to her, very firm, "for I'll never hear on't—never!" I says. "If you was a-thinkin' o' meetin' that idle, good-for-nothin' fellow this mornin', you may give up the notion. Take off your hat," I says, an' put by that jacket of yours. Outside this house you don't set foot this day. You bide at home," I says."

Mrs. Cross looked dubious at first, but catching the other's severe eye, shook her head once more in an impersonal way, and folded her arms with an appearance of great unconcern.

"The way that maid did go on," pursued Mrs. Chaffey, "was scandalous, quite scandalous, I do assure 'ee. She cried an' sobbed, and askally tried for to dodge round to the door, but I were too quick for her. I nipped out first, and turned the key in the lock.

"Well, if you'll believe me, jist about dinner-time, who should come walkin' up to the house, as bold as brass, but my gentleman himself, an' before I could shut door in's face if that little bold hussy didn't call out to en from the window: "I'm locked in, Mr. Connor, I'm locked in!"

"Locked in, are ye?" says he; an' for the minute I was frightened at the looks of en.

"If ye'll believe me, Mrs. Cross, the fellow walks straight into the house, makin' no more o' me nor if I wasn't there. He pushes past I, and marches upstairs, and bursts open the door o' Jenny's room.

"Locked in, are ye?" he says. "I'll soon settle that. Come down, asthore"—E-es, 'twas some such name as that he did call her—"come down, asthore. I've a little word to say to ye, an' I want this good lady to hear it as well as yerself."

"I'll call the police," I says. "I'll call them in a minute," I says."

"I'd a-done that, I'm sure," cried Mrs. Cross. "I'm sure I would. Housebreakin' ye know. Did ye call 'em?" she added, as Mrs. Chaffey seemed to hesitate.

"Well, no, my dear," returned that lady. "I did not. I was all shaky an' trembley like. Besides," she added, casting up her eyes, "I be always for peace, Mrs. Cross. 'Peace an' quietness' is my motto. I could no more break the law o' Christian lovin' kindness nor—nor anything, Mrs. Cross.

"Now, Jenny, alanna," says the man, "you an' me was talkin' yesterday, so I may as well come to the p'int at once. I want a home, an' you want a home."

"You make a mistake," says I, "the girl does *not* want a home. Jenny has got a good home—a better home nor she do deserve," I says.

"A pretty home!" says he; "a prison! Don't mind her, me darlin'. Just look me in the face, an' tell me will ye have me?"

"I will," she says, so bold as brass—the little barefaced, impident wench! I did really blush for her.

"Then," says he, "I'll put up the banns on Sunday, an' the two of us 'ull be jined together before the month's out."

"Well! To think of the chap settlin' everythin' straight off, an' she givin' in wi'out so much as a question! I stood gawkin' at 'em both, wi' my tongue quite speechless. Then the chap goes up to Jenny, and says he:

"I'm sorry we can't walk out by ourselves," he says, "but we must do wi'out that." An' before my very eyes, Mrs. Cross, he puts his arm round her waist, an' kisses her. "I'll strive to be a good husband to ye," says he, "an' I'll engage I'll have the best little wife in the world."

"Then he turns round to I an' whips off his hat, jist out o' pure impidence.

"Good mornin' to ye, ma'am," he says; "I'm afraid its losin' yer black slave ye'll be."

"Oh!" interrupted Mrs. Cross, much scandalised. "Such a thing to say."

"E-es, indeed," responded Mrs. Chaffey, "an' me as had

a-been so good to her. I did tell her so, so soon as I'd got my breath. 'Me, what has been a mother to ye,' I did tell her, 'that ye should go a-backbitin' o' I, an' a-sayin' such things.'

"I never said nothin', ma'am," says she.

"Such a story. It do stand to reason as if she must ha' gone abusin' o' I."

"Maybe he thought of hissel' you was a bit hard on her," said Mrs. Cross, struck by a brilliant idea.

The inspiration, however, was not a happy one, apparently. Mrs. Chaffey took great umbrage, and it was, indeed, some time before her neighbour could pacify her sufficiently to induce her to continue her tale.

"I did talk to her kind, an' I did talk to her sharp," she resumed, in an aggrieved tone. "But no; she wouldn't hear reason, an' at last I did fair lose patience."

"Well, then," says I, 'I be done wi' 'ee; I'll ha' no more to say to 'ee from this out. If you do leave yer good home,' I says, 'an' desert one what's the same as yer mother, I be done wi' 'ee. Mark my words,' I did tell her, 'this 'ere marriage 'll turn out unlucky. You'll repent it all the days of your life.'

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cross, sucking in her breath with gruesome relish. "An' she did, Mrs. Chaffey, I should think. She *did*."

"She did ought to," returned Mrs. Chaffey, impressively, and paused.

"I d' 'low she hasn't done so very well for herself?" insinuated the other. "She hasn't a-got such a very good home."

Mrs. Chaffey rubbed her nose and coughed, but apparently did not feel called upon to enter into particulars as to the recreant Jenny's domicile.

"Her man be out o' work pretty often, I dare say?" hinted Mrs. Cross.

"Not as I've heerd on, so far," returned her neighbour, in a tone which implied that Mr. Connor would probably find himself thrown upon the world in a very short time.

"Any family, my dear?"

"Two," replied the widow. "Two childern, Mrs. Cross—a boy an' a girl."

"You haven't ever seen them, of course?"

"E-es, my dear," responded Mrs. Chaffey, with a superior air. "I do see 'em two or three times a year. I baint one for to bear malice. When her 'usband do drive her over on a Bank Holiday I could never have the 'eart for to shut my door i' their faces."

"Drive over!" exclaimed Mrs. Cross. "They must be free wi' their dibs to go throwin' 'em about on car-hire."

"It don't cost them nothin'," said Mrs. Chaffey hastily.

"'Tis their own trap."

Mrs. Cross gasped.

"They keeps a trap! They must be pretty well off."

Seeing that this remark was evidently displeasing to her new friend, she obsequiously hastened to allude to what she felt sure must be a genuine grievance.

"An' not a bit grateful, as you was a-sayin' jist now! She don't remember, I shouldn't think, all what you've a-done for her. She don't never make you no return I d' 'low. She don't never give 'ee nothin', do she?"

"Nothin' to speak of," retorted the other, peevishly, and closed her mouth with a snap.

"Such as half-a-dozen fresh eggs, I suppose?" suggested Mrs. Cross. "She wouldn't ever give 'ee a fowl now, would she? Would she?" she persisted, as Mrs. Chaffey did not answer. "I shouldn't think she'd ever give 'ee a fowl. Lard, no, not a fowl—would she?"

Mrs. Chaffey was at length goaded into an answer.

"If she did it wouldn't be so very much. I wouldn't think meself at all beholden to her—no, that I wouldn't. Seein' that she's got dozens of 'em a-runnin' about her place, I don't think I need be so very thankful if she do spare a couple every now an' then, an' a ham at Christmas, wi' all the pigs they've got."

"A ham!" ejaculated Mrs. Cross. "A ham! Why, they must be doin' pretty well!"

"Well—not so bad," conceded Mrs. Chaffey, very unwillingly. "Connor, he did take a kind o' little farm a few year

ago a kind o' dairy farm. They've a-got pigs an' chickens an' sich like—a deal of 'em. I hope there mayn't be too many," she added darkly. "I hope they mayn't be a-livin' too free an' a-spendin' too fast. I hope not. I hope there mayn't be a day o' reckonin' comin'."

She shook her head in an ominous manner, and Mrs. Cross hastened to follow her example.

"They baint a-layin' anything by, ye may be sure," she exclaimed conclusively.

A kind of spasm crossed the other lady's face, and she rose hastily, remarking that if she didn't begin to straighten up a bit she wouldn't get the house put to rights before bedtime.

Mrs. Cross took the hint, rose likewise, and backed meditatively towards the door.

"Well, 'tis a strange tale what you've a-told I, Mrs. Chaffey, an' I do feel for ye terr'ble. As for that there volish—"

She paused suddenly, a slow grin dawning on her face.

"She don't seem to ha' done so very bad for herself, after all," she remarked, and vanished.

CAPE COLONY FRUIT ... IN LONDON.

AMONG the industries which have received a great impetus from the close of the war, one of the most interesting is the exportation of fruit from South Africa. It is as yet quite a young business, having been originated less than two decades ago, its birth being largely due to the endless enterprise of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. He at least supplied a great deal of the capital for the purpose, but the moving spirit was Mr. H. E. D. Pickstone. From about sixteen years ago dates the modern development of fruit-growing in South Africa, but a century previous to that the grapes of Constantia and other places were quite famous. Fruit for a time was very largely cultivated by the early settlers, but they gradually allowed the industry to drop until modern invention once more gave it new life. It is, of course, cold storage that enables us in London to have during the winter months a constant supply of fruit from the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Pickstone was one of the earliest men to see the possibilities of this, and brought the matter before Mr. Rhodes, who, in the large Imperial way characteristic of him, said, "Go and buy the valley most suitable to the cultivation of fruit." He was told that the cost would be something like a quarter of a million, but his answer remained the same. It was not possible to carry out his wishes to the full extent, but a considerable number of farms were acquired in the Dutch districts of Paarl, Stellenbosch, and Worcester, which are the most influential Dutch districts within forty miles of Cape Town, in order to place the two dominant nationalities side by side on the soil, and we are informed with the most happy results.

It is hoped that our Dutch fellow-subjects in Africa will thoroughly join in the development of this new Colonial trade. It is extremely likely that they will do so, as many Dutch farmers in these districts have planted orchards of from 1,000 to 5,000 trees. At present the African markets are found to be of great value to growers, but as planting is continued, more and more will our African growers have to look abroad.

A difficulty at the beginning was that of obtaining the requisite amount of labour. Mr. Pickstone was equal to the occasion. He suggested that a village should be built, and a constant supply of labour maintained in it.

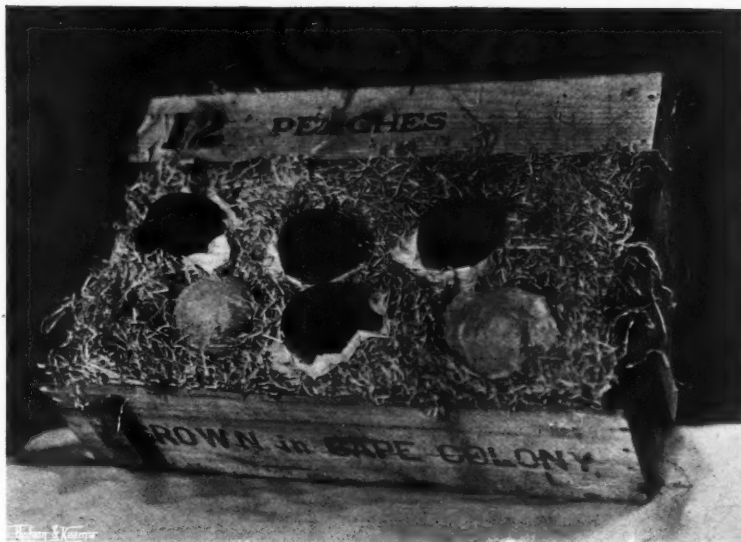
After asking whether he expected a population to come to it, Mr. Rhodes told him to build a village, and something like 140 houses were put up, and very superior houses they were from a Kaffir's point of view. They even had each its separate water-pipe, a thing unheard of before in a native hut. But to Mr. Pickstone's great chagrin, the blacks refused to come, and he was obliged to go to Mr. Rhodes with the confession of failure on his lips. But the great man would not listen to it. "You promised to find labour, and



GRAPES GROWN IN CAPE COLONY.

you must do so," was his answer to every argument. Under these circumstances it occurred to Mr. Pickstone that he had noted a native missionary who seemed to have great influence over the people. To him he went, and ultimately induced him to bring his entire flock to the village, of which he was made head man, and the difficult question of labour supply was solved. When Mr. Pickstone went to tell Mr. Rhodes this, the latter asked, "Is the village full?" "Nearly so," was the reply. "Then build forty more houses," said Mr. Rhodes.

It must not be thought, however, that all the fruit from South Africa comes from the Rhodes farms. The Cape Orchard Company is a very large concern, working on a great scale; and there are many private growers, such as Mr. Pickstone himself, Mr. Nicholson, the Hon. Jacob Bury, and others. The fruit district of the Cape lies mostly within a radius of 150 miles round Cape Town, that is to say, it is practically confined to the south-western district, though here and there are other places suitable to the purpose. It is just twelve years since the first consignment was sent to Great Britain, and the trade has since then shown, on the whole, a magnificent growth, although, to some extent, it was checked by the late war. The fruit sent from South Africa is in the nature of a luxury. The trade may fairly be described as a "fancy" one, and naturally at a time of distress this sort of business is one of the first and most certain to feel the ill-effects. Last year there was a slight

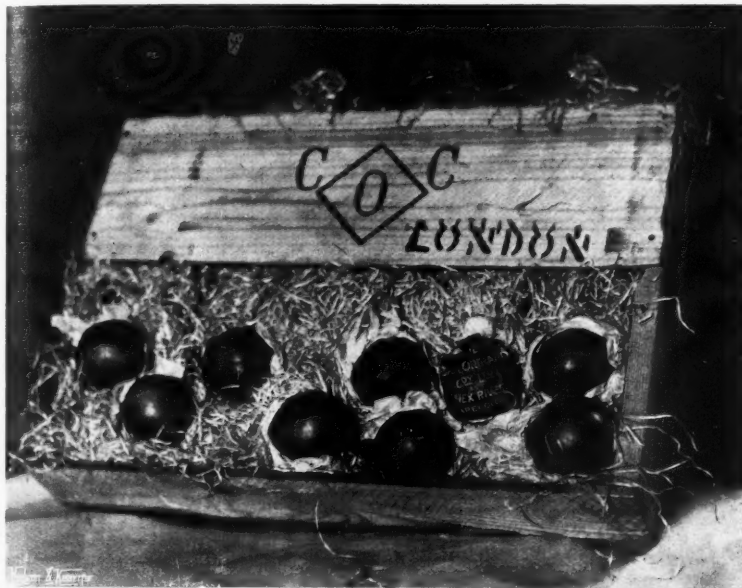


FINE PEACHES.

not be disappointed. One pound of butter will be exactly the same as another pound of butter at a similar price. One rabbit will be exactly the same as the other rabbits packed with it. Now, the South African fruit-growers have thoroughly realised the necessity of doing this with their consignments. Even the boxes used are getting to be the same size for the same kinds of fruit. Here, for instance, are a few examples of the boxes that are now being used in the Cape fruit trade for respective fruits:

Grape boxes	24½ in.	by 18½ in.	by 5 in.
Half grape boxes ...	18½	" 12½	" 5
Peach boxes	18½	" 12½	" 3
Plum boxes	16½	" 10½	" 2½

It will be easily seen that the general adoption of boxes of this size would help materially to secure that uniformity which is necessary for commercial purposes. At present the very greatest care is exercised on this side. Mr. L. F. Hudson, who is responsible for that part of it, has looked at every box of fruit sent here himself, and it is very largely due to his vigilance in detecting the presence of small among large fruit that grading is now done so perfectly. Of course, it is not from any desire to create a wrong impression that large and small fruits get mixed together in the same crate; but the tendency of those who pack the fruit, if they are allowed to follow their own lazy inclinations, is simply to put all in that comes to hand. That is what the home grower usually does, and his carelessness in this respect has been a serious obstacle to the development of the home industry. A farmer sending potatoes to market in nine cases out of ten will simply despatch the whole produce of his field, large and small, useful and useless. In



PLUMS FROM THE CAPE.

falling off in the quantity of fruit brought to this country, but even in a year that was not good the pecuniary return to the shippers was better than during the preceding season. This year it has made an excellent beginning, and the season promises to be one of the best on record. In fact, the more one looks into the matter, the more one sees that it has an element of growth which ought to go far towards cementing the union of races in South Africa.

The kinds of fruit which are exported to England are grapes, plums, peaches, and naartjes, or mandarin oranges. These four fruits compose the great bulk of the shipment, but in smaller quantities the South Africans send us also pears, apricots, nectarines, apples, quinces, pines, oranges, and lemons. The great feature of the trade from which English growers can learn anything is the excellence of the packing, and in South Africa this is entirely due to private action, showing a difference in this respect to the Australian Colonies.

The Governments of the Australian Colonies take official cognisance of the export of farm and dairy produce. Anyone seeing rabbits or chickens, butter or eggs unpacked in the London markets must be pleased and surprised to see the careful manner in which the articles are graded. Those of the same size are put together in the same package and admirably packed. To the buyer the convenience of this can scarcely be expressed in words. He in most cases is a retailer, who buys the things to sell at his own shop, and he can fix his charge with the greatest certainty and with the knowledge that customers will



GOOD PACKING.

this condition the produce is much more difficult to dispose of, because the consumers who ultimately buy them want them each for his own requirements. Clubs and restaurants require potatoes of as near as possible the same size. If they want large potatoes, it is for a definite purpose; if they want them of medium size, this also is for a definite purpose; while the market for small potatoes is that of the baker who mixes them with his flour. It is precisely the same way with fruit. The contents of a box ought to be as nearly as possible of uniform size and quality, and this is, at least, in the way of being achieved by the South African exporters, as will be seen from the accompanying photographs, which were taken at the warehouse of Mr. George Monro, the well-known wholesale fruit salesman. The grapes were beautifully and carefully packed, as were also the peaches, the plums and other fruits. It is a very great pleasure to see them taken out of their boxes, looking as fresh and attractive as if they had been newly pulled from the trees under the sunny African sky. English fruit-growers could hardly give themselves a more



MR. PICKSTONE'S FARMHOUSE.

instructive lesson than is to be obtained by going to Covent Garden when a consignment of this fruit is being unpacked. It would show them how to add a very respectable percentage to their income.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE WILD VIOLETS.

IN a recent number the wild Violets were the subject of the weekly notes, to be continued on a future occasion. Following in alphabetical order, the next species on the list is:

V. hastata, or the Halbert-leaved Violet, which the well-known American writer, Mrs. Danske Dandridge, says is "One of our not uncommon yellow Violets, often found side by side with *V. rotundiflora* on hilly and rocky slopes. The single erect stem is sometimes a foot in height, with the stem leaves high in the air." The yellow flowers are small. There is a variety of this called *glaberrima*, which is found in the woods and hills of North Carolina, and flowers in May and June, but both are rare.

V. hederacea is better known as Erpetion reniforme. It is one of the most interesting of all, and not very hardy, frequently suffering in very severe weather. It is one of those little alpine plants that must be watched, but well repays careful culture. It is quite tufted in growth, has a very short stem, and the leaves are often crowned with a normal like tuft, while the flowers are blue and white on frail stems 2 in. or 3 in. long; it is a native of Australia, and is frequently called the New Holland Violet.

V. hirta (Hairy Violet).—This is a widely-spread British species found chiefly in woods and thickets on chalk. The flowers are greyish blue with dark streaks or lines, and scentless. In some ways this Violet reminds one of our fragrant *V. odorata*, but the foliage is usually more triangular in shape. It flowers in April and May, and is only about 4 in. high. There are several varieties, but much depends upon soil and position, plants in one district showing considerable difference from those elsewhere.

V. lactea (Milky White).—A very distinct Violet, found in, but not confined to, Britain, Switzerland, and France, and usually in boggy heaths. The flowers are milk white or very pale blue with purplish streaks, and the lateral petals are distinctly bearded. It blooms in May and June, and is 4 in. high.

V. lutea.—This is a yellow-flowered British Violet, and more common in England than in other parts of the United Kingdom. It delights in mountain pastures, where the large yellow flowers appear from May to August.

V. montana (Mountain Violet).—This Violet has long been known, and is widely spread over the temperate parts of Europe and Siberia, particularly

Lapland, Austria, and Germany. It is about 12 in. high, and has pale blue flowers which open from May to July. There are the distinct forms *V. m. stricta* and *V. m. pubescens*.

V. munbyana.—A pretty Spanish Violet, 4 in. to 5 in. high, and with somewhat large violet flowers in April and May. A yellow variety of it is called *V. m. lutea*.

V. Nuttallii.—An interesting Violet because regarded as the only one grown on the plains of the Missouri River. It is 2 in. high, and the yellow flowers, purplish on the under-side, appear from May to July. To be continued.

SOME GOOD HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES FOR BEDDING.

As this is the last week practically for planting Roses, except from pots, it may be interesting to name the best varieties of the Hybrid Perpetual section for bedding. We have heard much about the China and Tea-scented sections, but little of that grand race known as "Perpetual"; they are not as described, but a race that contains such brilliant flowers as Ulrich Brunner and the beautiful white Frau Karl Druschki is worth consideration. It is true that the Tea-scented Roses are more beautiful in autumn, but to see the Hybrid Perpetual in all its glory in July, especially when massed, is perhaps one of the features of the Rose garden.

Pride of place may be readily given to the Hybrid Tea among the light colours, but at present this group is sadly deficient in good reds and crimsons. That this will be remedied speedily we have no doubt whatever, but until they arrive the Hybrid Perpetuals are, as the gardener says, "indispensable." There are two main points to bear in mind in relation to the Hybrid Perpetual, and they are pruning and the best stock. With regard to the former, one cannot prune them too hard. This does not mean that they should be cut back to the previous year's wood severely; but the rigorous cutting away applies more to the two and three year old shoots. These must be severely dealt with, to promote new wood from the base. How the one year old wood should be pruned depends somewhat upon the vigour of the variety. For instance, a strong-growing Rose like François Michelin may be retained 12 in. to 15 in. in length, whereas Baroness Rothschild should be cut back to two or three eyes. Even where Hybrid Perpetual Roses are massed for bedding, by planting close together and pruning hard back all old wood over two years old, the results are far more satisfactory than if large plants are desired.

As to the best stock, the seedling Briar is the best, and for this reason—the long tapering roots search the subsoil for food and moisture, and consequently compel the plant to continue growing in autumn when the surface rooting stocks have ceased. It is a mistake also to mix Hybrid Perpetuals and Tea-scented Roses together if it can be avoided. A special place should be given to the Hybrid Perpetual, and then the absence of flowers in autumn is not so much in evidence, giving the chief place to the Teas, Hybrid Teas, Monthlies, etc., which are now so freely planted for their autumn beauty. Where this is not practicable, the Hybrid Perpetuals should be planted on the outskirts of the Rose garden.

THE BEST VARIETIES.

With such an array of kinds usually tabulated, it is somewhat confusing to the beginner to know what to plant for bedding. Taking the

Deep Crimson first, we can recommend with every confidence the following, and for some guide as to planting, the strongest growers are marked *, medium †, very dwarf ‡. *General Jacqueminot, *Charles Lefebvre, †Comte Raimbaud, *Mme. Victor Verdier, *Dr. Andry, *Eugene Furst, †Duke of Wellington, †Triomphe de Caen, which is the same as Prince Arthur; *Ben Cant, †Duke of Albany, †Duke of Connaught, †Victor Hugo, †Black Prince, †Louis Van Houtte, and †Lord Macaulay.

Very Dark Crimson, Maroons, and Purples.—†Jubilee, which seems better than Prince Camille de Rohan; *Crown Prince, *Baron de Bonstetten, *Sir Rowland Hill, †Xavier Olibo, and †Abel Carriere.

Light Reds and Scarlets.—*Ulrich Brunner fils, *Captain Hayward, †Charles Lamb, †Alfred Colomb, *Tom Wood, †Beauty of Waltham, *Dupuy Jamain, †Duchess of Bedford, †Marchioness of Lorne, †A. K. Williams, †Etienne Levet, †Waltham Standard, *Duke of Edinburgh, *Duke of Teck, and †Brilliant.

Rose or Deep Pink.—*Jeannie Dickson, †Suzanne M. Rodocanachi, *H. Schultheis, *François Michelin, †Helen Keller, †Mme. Bois, *Paul Neyron, *La Duchesse de Morny, *Pride of Waltham, †Victor Verdier, †Marquise de Castellane, *Magna Charta, *Jules Margotten, †John Hopper, and *Rev. Alan Chaeles.

Pink.—†Baroness Rothschild, †Mrs. R. G. Sharman Crawford, *Mrs. John Laing, †Mme. Eugenie Verlier, †Mme. G. Luizet, †Mrs. Cocker, †Lawrence Allen, †Mrs. Rumsey, †Rosslyn, *Mrs. George Dickson, and †Spenser.

Blush.—*Mrs. F. Sandford and *Paul's Early Blush.

White.—*Frau Karl Druschki, *Margaret Dickson, *Boule de Neige, †Merveille de Lyon, †Violette Bouyer, and †Marchioness of Londonderry.

SOWING SEEDS IN WALLS.

Now that wall-gardening is so rapidly growing in favour, it is well to remind our readers that now is the time to sow seed in chinks and in the little pads of moss that gather about the joints of old walls. How willing even quite large plants are to grow in such places is frequently seen in many an old garden wall, where, perhaps, some Foxglove seed had settled by some natural agency (for it was never sown there), and made a pretty picture of excellent wall-gardening. Foxgloves and Mulleins are some of the best of wall plants. In a dry wall—that is to say, a wall built without mortar to support a bank—they will grow to the largest dimensions.



C. Reid, Wislaw, N.B.

CATTLE BY THE LOCH-SIDE.

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THE external features of this remarkable Lancashire house, its gardens, and something of its history, were the subjects of an article in these pages a few months ago. We are now about to pass through the beautiful Tudor arch which gives approach to the courtyard within. Before we do so, it may be well to look around, and to bethink us

how the ancient dwellers at Agecroft kept their watch and ward. Great are the changes that have passed over the venerable mansion since the Langleys kept house within its walls. The incessant hum of the modern world in this busy outskirts of Manchester fills a district which, in their time, was almost as remote as when the legionaries of the Cæsars had their quarters in Roman Mancunium. Agecroft Hall remains, indeed, as a rare and fortunate example surviving from a great confraternity of venerable fellow dwelling-places, now perished or mostly fallen into decay.

We may observe how the house was placed in a posture of defence. Its quadrangular form gave light and space enough to the inhabitants, who, if the times were out of joint, could close their gates and turn their backs upon the turbulence without. The mansion stood, as it still does, upon a low tongue of land extending down from Pendlebury into the valley of the Irwell, and in a position rather unusual, for on the west side lies the edge of a steep cliff, while upon the other fronts, where now extend the beautiful gardens, a moat completed the defence. The precise nature of the defensive arrangements may be a little difficult to make out, but here, evidently, was a rather unusual linking of natural advantages with artificial measures of precaution. As to the house itself, it is of that quaint timber and plaster style, with beams vertical, horizontal, and diagonal, quaint angles, carved oriel windows, and richly ornamental gables, which was almost universal in the old country houses of Lancashire and Cheshire, and we have already illustrated very completely the external features of Agecroft Hall. As we observed, a prodigious amount of oak must have been employed in building such a place, and it would almost suggest to us that a grove of oaks must have bowed beneath the woodman's axe ere that structure was raised. Admirable was the craftsmanship of the builders, excellent the skill they devoted to their work, proud the day of its completion.

Agecroft Hall was built in the time of Henry VII., or his successor, as the flamboyant details attest, but the family of Langley had been located here centuries before, and doubtless the existing house replaced one of still earlier date. In 1327, John de Langley and Joan, his wife, paid a fine to William de Langley, Rector of Middleton, for the Manor of Pendlebury and other possessions, and at Agecroft the family established itself. One of its members is believed by some to have been Cardinal Langley, sometime Bishop of Durham and Lord Chancellor of England. This prelate was certainly supervisor of the will of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and the arms of "time-



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A WINDOW IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE HALL.

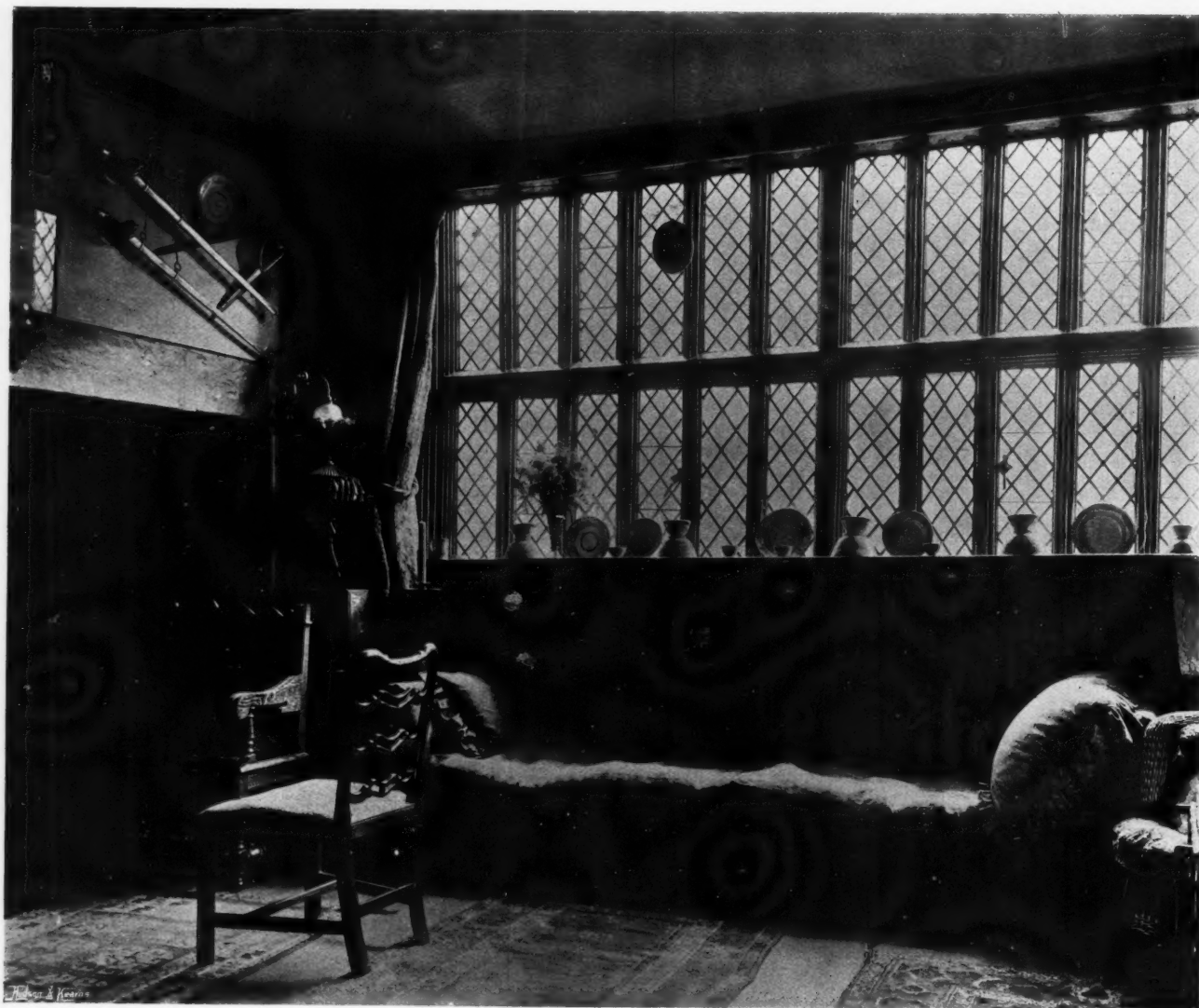
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THE INGLE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

honoured Lancaster" are still to be seen in the ancient glass at Agecroft Hall, with the initials and armorial devices of Sir Robert Langley, the builder. John of Gaunt married his cousin Blanche, daughter and co-heiress of Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, and in 1362, on the death of her sister Maud, he was created Duke of Lancaster, being advanced from the earldom because of his untiring activity and praiseworthy deeds—"And the King girt him with a sword, and set on his head a cap of fur, and a

can be no doubt that the Langleys were attached to his service.

We may now pass beneath the arch, and beneath the beautiful carved oriel that is above the portal, not forgetting that here still, as in old time, the gate is locked at night, shutting off those within from the outside world, while the watchman keeps his post as of yore. We are now within the quadrangle, finding ourselves in scenes that seem far remote from the present day.



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CARVED BEDSTEAD IN THE GREEN ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

circlet of gold with pearls therein, and created him Duke of Lancaster with all the dignities and regalities of an Earl Palatine." Later on the new Duke had the grant of a chancery in his duchy, with all the regalities and privileges of a County Palatine, and he was authorised to establish a treasury, with barons and other proper officers. The immediate connection of Lancaster with Agecroft appears not to be known, but there

Here, we say, does the spirit of the eld continue to dwell. Often, we think, in the long corridors may yet be heard the footfall of the knight and the rustle of the lady's kirtle, and with no surprise do we listen to the recital of strange stories that yet are told of those of other days who still haunt the night in Agecroft Hall. Opposite to the entrance arch is the long window of the great hall, with much magnificent ornamental timber-work, and great

splendour in its ancient character. The kitchen, with the offices and servants' quarters, is on the right, while the family apartments are on the left hand, the old chapel having been converted into a dining-room. It appears that originally the courtyard was surrounded by open galleries on the upper floor, much after the manner of the old quadrangular hostelrys, but, with the exception of one small portion, all these have now been closed in. At night the effect is remarkable, for the lattice windows of the

So is the history of successive owners imprinted upon the place, and so, at Agecroft at least, is the place preserved. It is, indeed, in the hands of those who value both its character and its traditions. When Sir Robert Langley died in 1560, his daughter and heiress, Ann, carried the estate to Thomas Dauntsey, her husband, and thus it passed to a family which long continued to reside there. It came by female descent to the Rev. Richard Buck some years ago, and his brother John, who



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THE HALL WINDOW.

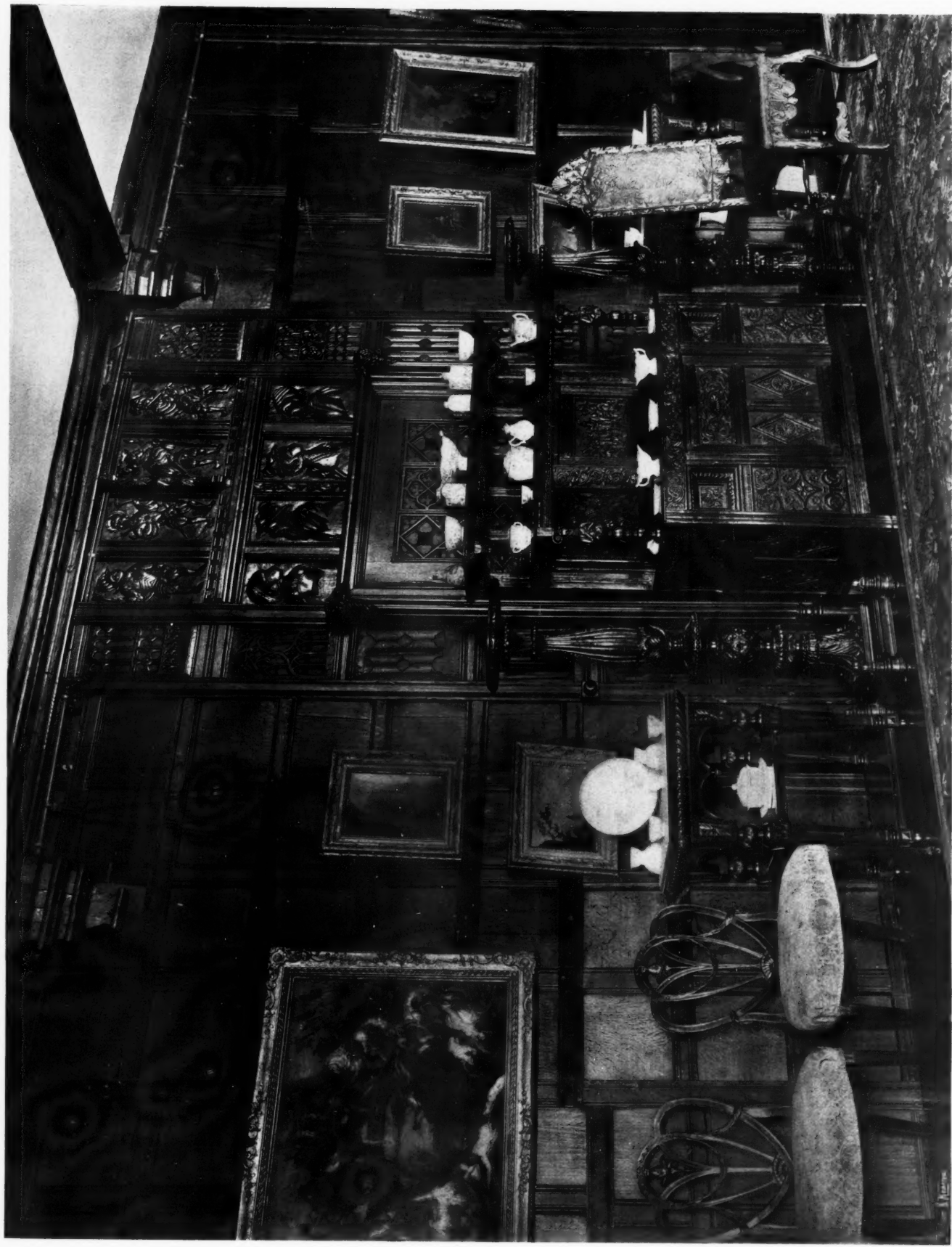
"COUNTRY LIFE."

court are not provided with blinds, or these are not drawn down, and the lights within throw gleams across all four sides, both above and below, looking extremely picturesque.

The enclosing of the galleries will have suggested that Agecroft Hall has been modernised, but changes are inevitable, and when reverent hands graft some manifestation of existing times upon the evidences of an earlier age, let us not complain.

became owner of the estate, adopted in 1867 the name of Dauntsey. His kinsman, the present owner, has also adopted the name, and thus the heritage of the Langleys is maintained.

The house is not less interesting within than without. The venerable character is preserved in the mullioned windows, the ancient panelling with the linen pattern, the fine wainscot in the



"COUNTRY LIFE."

DRAWING-ROOM, FOURTEENTH CENTURY PANELLING.

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rooms, the old fireplaces, and the oaken ceilings, and most of all, perhaps, in the remarkable carved panels in the drawing-room, which go back apparently to the time of Henry VII. The work is extremely fine, and in very few places is anything more interesting to be found. Various modern improvements are observed, but the house is extremely cosy, and is beautiful in its orderly charm. There is cheery warmth from its capacious fireplaces, and the aspect of friendly companionship in its chambers. The principal apartment is the great hall, which has, indeed, undergone changes, but, as our pictures disclose, is a particularly fine example of old and curious work. The carved furniture, mostly of Jacobean date, is extremely fine, and all the fittings are both beautiful and elaborate. There is a panelled ceiling, and rich dark oak wainscot, with attractive carvings.

The drawing-room is a light and beautiful chamber, with the admirable carved panellings which have been referred to. Here again is more of the splendid old oak, grouped with lyre-backed chairs, and other features of a rather later date. The breaking of style has a rather happy effect, and the aspect of the room is both comfortable and reposeful. The bedrooms are not less remarkable. Thus the green room has a very magnificent bedstead of rich, curious, and attractive style, elaborately carved and adorned; and the same chamber is furnished with magnificent armchairs, and carved cabinets of rare and singular beauty. Louder still does another room speak of older times. There the great carved bedstead is earlier, and the walls and cabinets were even more richly worked by the old craftsman's hand. All appears to be in the style of Elizabeth or the Stuarts, though structurally, doubtless, the place is older.

Very few timber houses like Agecroft Hall are so well preserved. There are many mansions, indeed, throughout England which have fair and beautiful exteriors, but, when we pass the portals, we find that later tastes, given too much play in thoughtless hands, have gradually swept away all the older things, and disappointment not seldom attends the enquirer. Such is not the case at this attractive Lancashire place. Though it lies too near the busy city of Manchester, it is maintained both within and without with zealous regard for its ancient character

and charm. May it long continue as an example of an old English dwelling-place, surviving with character little changed from ancient to existing times!

ERMYNGARDE ON DOGS.

IN our family dogs are divided into two classes, and two classes only, namely, dogs and darling dogs. This is not particularly original, but it serves. There was an American once who, when asked the breed of the animal that was following him, made reflective and descriptive answer: "Jest *dang*" was what he said. The kind of dogs we keep—and we keep many—are always somehow darling dogs; they have, I mean, no matter to what race they belong and how they furred and sized, that quality of sweetness, that character of wisdom, that touch of soulful goodness that justified the Frenchman in his deathless observation, "Plus je connais les hommes plus j'admire les chiens." Considering what people are, and the sweepish things they will do, I only wonder any of us are permitted to entertain and cherish dogs at all.

Our dogs have all come to us in unexpected ways and no two in the same way. I am always a little sorry for friends who say to me, "I want a nice dog, something like your Tobo"—or your Coolie Khan, or your Billy Blossom, whichever it may be—"of course a well-bred dog; where do you think I could get him?" Where, indeed? Strange, wild, ignorant supposition, that one can go forth and "get" a dog; a dog of birth and character, as one might go forth and get a pair of boots or a pound of tea, boots or tea similar to some boots or tea seen and liked in the possession of a friend! Yet there are rows of people who know no better than to suppose this. Dogs—darling dogs, that is—are in the direct gift of Providence. When you are ready for them, my dear sir or madam, I am minded to say, they will happen unto you. Nothing you can do will advance or retard the moment of your finding them by so much as a clock-tick. Take the way that Betty acquired Spot (inglorious name!) as an instance. She was travelling in the Western Highlands; going, as a matter of fact,



to have a month's fishing in the Blackwater, and tramping, with ill-concealed enjoyment, the deck of the Claymore as it forged its weekly Northward way round Ardnamurchan Point and up to Skye. With a marked genius for steamer-travel, Betty was on the best of terms with the captain, next whom she alone, of all the female passengers, breakfasted on that pile of fried ham and eggs which is seen only on the MacBrayne vessels. The Claymore was "daundering," to use an appropriate Scotticism, into the mouths of remote sea-lochs, and dropping here a few sheep, and there some beef or paraffin, as is her time-older way. Finally she got into the narrows beside Skye and sat down thoughtfully at a pier for an illimitable number of hours. (Time is not, when once you get among the islands.) Betty landed and strolled about. She noted a dog playing with some weedy, seedy collies on a bit of green; I suspect her eye lightened. She advanced and had a word with the animal, who was, conceivably, bred between a deerhound and a sheepdog, but carried the stamp of two old races in his noble head and eye. She made enquiries; she found his owner. Spot—you can call it Spoot, only softly, to get the real sound—was just eighteen months old; his owner an old man in the village. To him Betty deployed her most noted arts and graces, but, though he did not care specially for the animal, he had little desire to sell it. Betty took a chair and chatted about the decay of doctrine in the Free Church, about the real reason for Cecil Rhodes's gift to the universities, about the Crofters Commission of sixteen years before, and other light and suitable topics. All the time her mind was clinched on the idea of possessing that dog. With her watch in her hand, she listened to the steamer bells—one, two, three. No Persian ever bought a carpet or a turquoise with more devious conversation. At length the moment came to hand £2 10s. to the old man and receive a bit of old rope in return. This was knotted around the neck of Spoot, and when the gang-plank was being withdrawn and the captain's broad fingers hovered above the head of the engine-room bell, the pair of them were bundled on to the Claymore, and a new life began for that most beautiful beast. It is a year since then, and he is Betty's devoted follower. He brings a clansman's loyalty inside his shaggy coat; he brings a prince's honour; he brings the courage of the Black Douglas. The strict nobility of his conduct far transcends any human attainment I know; but one little circumstance regarding him always lingers in my memory. When he first spurned with speedy foot the smooth flint surface of our high-road as he followed Betty's pony, he ran to every ditch and bit of wayside water with a hopeful eye. But he came home without drinking. Nowhere could he find anything to match the crystal streams of Skye; nowhere discover a burn that came down from the moorland with an old sherry colour and the bite of the peat in its flood! He is less exclusive now, poor dog, but it was a strange and almost a sad sight to us to watch him questing for a draught that should recall his homeland.

Billy Blossom, the brindled bull, was obtained by me in somewhat similar fashion. I saw him walking in London, close as though buttoned to the gaiter of a small boy of the midway classes. I perceived him to be my dog; that is just how it comes over one; you feel the dog is meant for you, and that you, and you only, can give it its true environment. Once conscious of this feeling, it is for you to sweep away, with argument, diplomacy, and money any trifling barriers, such as existing owners and so on. If you don't succeed, it is that you are not worthy to have that dog, and you can sit down and leave it at that.

I can't call myself a fatalist, since a fatalist seems to be a



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person of supine habit who says to himself, "Well, if it is to happen, it *will* happen," and takes no steps. I take steps. I take every step I can think of, and my opponents have a very poor chance against me because they do not perhaps hold the same faith, and cannot bring the same organised will-power to bear. If I get my dog—or whatever it may be I am working for—I know it to be a God-gift, and I am humbly grateful; if I don't get it, I know I was not meant to have it or was not the person for it to have; it comes to the same thing.

All our dogs live in the house like people, and behave a good deal better than people; this, no doubt, costs a good dog a very small effort, if it costs him any effort at all. I never rise to leave the room, stepping no matter how softly, but Billy, out of a profound sleep, rises too, and tails out after me.

Oh, I ought to have said that of course I got Billy. (Again, as in the case of Spoot, this family is not responsible for his name; we could have renamed him, but it would have been selfish to indulge our ears with a finer, better name at the expense of his heart's memory.) When I am away on visits where dogs cannot come, Billy lives, and lives cheerfully, in a kennel till my return, going condescendingly for walks with one or other of my sisters. He quite perfectly understands my absence and his temporary retirement to the position of yard-dog. But when I return . . . Is there anything in the world like the welcome of one's dog? How do people who have no dogs ever have the pluck to come home? What is a home-coming without this welcome? If anything can be so happy to see me as Bill-dog is, I *must* "have something

rather sweet about me!"—as the young lady in the song declares. Dogs see and know only the best of us. If they get a glimpse of our kitchen qualities they blink tactfully and pretend they never noticed; this helps us, of course, to display our parlour virtues. (Why won't people ever learn any of the splendid things animals know?)

To be whinnied at across the stable-yard by your horse; to hear wild howlings from a much-washed person within the hall-door; to notice the flush on the butler's face that shows he was nearly thrown down as he opened it—these are the things one is thinking of as the long cold journey nears its end.

In all the poetry I know about dogs, so very little ever reaches my ideals, that one is forced to conclude poets have not often been selected by dogs as their human representative and envoy into a world that *sells* its biscuits and its bones.

But I have always liked this, of William Watson's, for the tender understandingness of the second line:

"His friends he loved. His fellest earthly foes—

Cats—I believe he did but feign to hate.

My hand will miss the insinuated nose,

Mine eyes the tail that wagged contempt at Fate."

M. M. D.



FLORIDA, to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, simply conveys a vague idea of oranges, or perhaps pine-apples; to the one-hundredth it signifies the capture by rod and line of some gigantic fish called a tarpon, typhoon, or pythoon, while occasionally some enlightened sportsman will dub it the resort of the tarpon. Tarpon fishing is slowly gaining ground among British sportsmen, but few have as yet realised that the capture of this huge herring is not the sole inducement to a fishing excursion in this little-known district. That sport may be enjoyed with gun and rifle is undeniable, but—well, there are too many buts to commend it. Much excitement is, however, to be experienced, and no little skill required, by reverting to the prehistoric method of subduing huge fish and amphibia; a method which places man to-day no whit in advance of his ancestors of thousands of years ago, except that harpoon, shaft, and rope are better fashioned now, and the boat more seaworthy.

Harpooning is a very considerable adjunct to tarpon fishing, so much so as to confuse novices to such an extent that they are often unable to explain their intention of going tarpon fishing more lucidly than by the statement that they propose "tarpooning." The necessary outfit for harpooning should be procured from Vom Hofe in New York for two or three pounds. As the sea is only 50ft. deep, 100yds. or less of line is ample. In the way of harpoons both toggles and lily-irons should be taken, the first for soft-skinned fish, such as rays, the second for sharks and saw-fish; also a small light dart for turtles. These three can be obtained from Holbrow and Co., 40, Duke Street, St. James's, who can also supply the whole outfit, but it is not advisable to export rope and shafts. The route, etc., to Usippa Inn, Punta Gorda, was fully detailed in a previous article on tarpon fishing.

It will therefore only be necessary to consider ourselves at Usippa Inn, provided with boat and guide—a man well acquainted with the coast, if possible, and a good sailor. The harpooner has a pull over the tarpon fisher; he is not bothered by such important considerations as tides, he can start out whenever he likes and return when he pleases, except for storms, or unless a 2ft. ray has taken him so far out to sea that he has lost the land; but in any case he will probably blow in somewhere where nothing awaits him, save mosquitos. Such incidents, when they terminate satisfactorily, only add to the pleasures of a wild life in a semi-tropical climate where it is not much cooler in the water than out of it, and where they say the sharks will not trouble to eat you. They all say this, and assure you that it is a fact, but if a man had only been able to come back with personal experiences upon the subject, it would lend weight

to a statement which the ignorant cannot somehow help half doubting, especially after seeing an accidentally-wounded shark pounced on by his four companions and in a few seconds torn in shreds. These five sharks were hunting a hooked tarpon when the accident happened, and it looked as though they would as soon have torn up a man as their unlucky comrade. Sharks are often vicious—there is no doubt of that. On being struck by a harpoon, if far enough back, they will seize and break off the shaft, cutting a half-inch rope clean in two. A



A. S. Blum.

A GIANT RAY (2,000lb.)

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fish which knows as much as this is no fit bathing companion. Hence, if you desire to bathe in Florida, choose a shallow space where you can observe the approach of the enemy within a radius of a hundred yards.

The largest fish of Florida waters is the giant ray. The photograph is of one little more than half grown. The man in the centre is holding up its curious stick-like tail. Its great

wings are spread, and between them the huge cavern of a mouth, supported on either side by fans which assist in scooping in the floating *débris* of weeds, tiny fish, and scum upon which it feeds. The eye can be seen, but head there is none, nor does an anatomical examination reveal anything definite in the form of a skull. Take it all in all, it is just as curious a submarine creature as could possibly be conceived. This is the prize sought by the harpooner. They are not plentiful except on occasions, and can only be hunted in fairly calm weather. In size they measure about 20ft. across the wings, and weigh at a rough estimate from 4,000lb. upwards.

When first viewed a tip of a wing, or perhaps both wings, will show above the surface for a moment. Maybe no wings at all, but only a great black shining back. They are often in schools of perhaps ten, and, although they do not appear to exert themselves, are nevertheless travelling at such a pace as to require hard pulling to get up to them. They show no alarm at the presence of a boat, which as often as not they approach to within bumping distance, but this is not the



J. Turner-Turner.

A STING RAY.

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and the time it will take to tire it out. Giant rays when harpooned always keep in the deep channel. They may go about seven miles straight out to sea, or they may cruise among the islands. It may take six hours to kill one, or a good man might do it in an hour. About all this there is a glorious uncertainty which lends zest to the sport. Finally, the fish must be stabbed or shot to death, and will require a steam launch to tow it ashore.

As the giant ray is easy, so are all other fish which swim deep difficult to strike. As in shooting, only practice can perfect the novice. The correct allowance to be made for refraction, which increases with the depth, density, and angle, is the stumbling-block. Bear in mind that the fish is always surprisingly nearer than it appears to be. How much will seldom at first be realised until it has been missed and lost. There are two more rays which the harpooner will encounter, but neither shows on the surface like the giant ray, although the whip ray often swims high. This is another very remarkable creature, about 6ft. in diameter, with a long snout, a 5ft. whip-like tail, and a beautifully black skin richly spotted with white. It is a bottom feeder living on shellfish, which it crushes between a couple of grindstones in place of teeth. It weighs up to 500lb., and is stronger for its size



J. Turner-Turner.

"PULL HARD—MORE TO THE LEFT."

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harpooner's opportunity. On no account must he strike a giant ray, or any other large fish for that matter, head on, for the ray, on feeling the iron, gives a mighty plunge of sufficient force to capsize a frail 14ft. boat, to say nothing of disturbing the equilibrium of the harpooner, who has for the moment full need of his wits to keep the line clear.

Supposing the ray to have been properly struck from behind in the region where the head should be, and where the two great ridges of crossed bones constituting the skeleton do not interfere, all will go swimmingly should the rope not kink or become entangled. In either of these events sharks will appear; but the swimmer must buoy himself up with the consolation that everyone says they never attack a man in the water, which sounds as though there was no guarantee of their not doing so on land.

The harpooner being fast in his ray will, so soon as the boat has gained way, seat himself comfortably, never leaving go of the rope or making it fast. He can now, while playing the fish, meditate as to its probable course



Turner-Turner. "LOOK OUT! HE ALMOST HAD THE BOAT THAT TIME."

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J. Turner-Turner. STRANDED AFTER AN EXCITING STRUGGLE.

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than the giant ray. The other ray, known as the sting ray, or locally as "stingere," lies always on the bottom, and seldom in Florida exceeds 200lb. in weight. It is very handy with its formidable darts, used after the fashion of a scorpion, and inflicting a never-to-be-forgotten wound. Sharks, especially the great hammer-heads, afford plentiful sport. Their high dorsal fins raised above water usually betray their presence.

Sawfish are not exactly plentiful, although in a day's hunt one or more is generally located. They furnish a trophy of pride to the hunter. In these waters they seldom exceed 14ft. in length and are difficult to strike, being usually in deep water. It takes all the force a man can muster to drive the lily-iron into these hide-bound, almost sword-proof fish, and when you have him fast, take care. He is sluggish, and often does not even know he has been struck; but as soon as he does realise it he will make a 50yds. dash and pull up short. Woebetide the unsuspecting harpooner who allows his boat to override the fish, for as soon as he sees it above, all his fury may be aroused, when he will make free use of the weapon with which Nature has provided him to secure his food, and while slashing around wildly, should his saw encounter the boat, well, look out for sharks once more. Tarpon can occasionally be harpooned, but it is very difficult to penetrate their armour; besides, one feels a bit mean. After all, he is so much finer on rod.

Porpoises are plentiful, but seldom allow a small boat to approach them. However, the unexpected sometimes happens, and should the harpooner strike one, it certainly will happen right there. There is always a possibility of coming upon an alligator, and turtles are abundant. The small dart is driven through any portion of the turtle's shell, and the creature is played gently by hand on a light line until it comes up to breathe in about twenty minutes after being struck. Then another harpoon is sent home, and it is quickly overcome, after which comes the difficulty of hoisting it on board. A turtle is capable of nipping a person's hand clean off, and makes free use of its jaws, even after the head has been removed from the body.

J. TURNER-TURNER.

SHOOTING NOTES.

HIGHLAND PROSPECTS.

THE deer and grouse in the Highlands are having a hard time just at present, though snow, at or about the right time of year, does nothing like the damage of late frosts in May and June. To travellers along the railway that runs through that beautiful stretch of the Western Highlands from Balquhidders to Tulloch a pretty sight presented itself a week or so since—a bright sun shining through occasional storm-clouds lit up moor and mountain, covered with snow, hill and valley alike. Ben Nevis was shrouded in mist, but the lower tops were covered with

the blue-white snow that betokened a heavy fall. The deer had been driven low down, and could be seen feeding close to the railway, or lying on the sunny side of the hillocks, here and there a good stag or two, with horns still unshed, mostly by themselves and away from the parcels of hinds. So far as could be judged, the deer were, all things considered, in fair condition for the time of year. Some of last year's calves looked a bit tucked up. Occasionally a roebuck would be surprised outside a patch of birch-wood as the train rounded a shoulder of the hill. The grouse were in packs, feeding on the bare, wind-swept hillocks, or running on the snow, often close to the passing train. How quickly, by the by, do wild game learn to distinguish between real and merely apparent danger?

DEER FOREST STATISTICS.

The weather during the next three months will, needless to say, make all the difference for the coming season, not only for grouse, but deer. It is time we had an early spring, good forest feed, and consequent good heads, which, after all, is what deer forest lessees, in the main, pay for—and to add largely to Scotland's revenue and ratable assessment. It has recently been calculated that there are over 130 deer forests north of the Tweed, with a combined area of about 2,000,000 acres, that yield something like 5,000 stags annually to the rifle, to say nothing of yeld hinds late

in the autumn. Here is a fine addition to our home-grown food supplies, from ground that in large part would not support anything like the equivalent in sheep and mutton. And the quality of these stags and hinds in autumn will depend largely on the clerk of the weather for the next eight weeks.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—Although I have read various books on rearing and shooting game in England, I have not yet discovered one which describes the best manner of managing a "week-end" shoot, where the owner is not one of the wealthy landed proprietors, living on his own estate, or a millionaire. The books I have looked through all describe "shootings" where large bags are obtained, only going through the coverts twice for pheasants, and having not more than two huge partridge "drives"—four days in all. They insinuate that it is not possible to do it, so to say, in bits. I should much appreciate information as to (1) What size must a "shoot" be to shoot, say, one day a week, from the middle of September to the end of January? (2) To do this, I take it, the partridge ground and pheasant covert must be divided up in some sort of proportions—what proportions? (3) I should like a table something on the following lines—all the figures bearing proper relations to one another—after my question No. 2 has been answered:

Acres.	Partridges.	Pheasants.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Various.
1,000	200	500	25	400	30
2,000	—	—	—	—	—
3,000	—	—	—	—	—
4,000	500	1,000	100	1,000	80

putting at the end of each row the average number of guns that one might ask down each week. I do not know whether the figures I have given,



J. Turner-Turner.

A WHIP RAY (ABOUT 400lb.)

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taking an average county, are anything like right, but information from anyone of experience would be most useful.—B. H.

[Land differs so much that you cannot take any fixed ratio of acres to partridges. Pheasants are a different matter. The carrying power of coverts is different according to their size. Small coverts hold more birds per acre than do large ones; but you can go up to 500 birds in one eighty-acre wood, and perhaps have as many in well-placed smaller coverts aggregating only fifty acres or sixty acres, or less on the belt plan. As to driving it would be rash to give any general opinion, but if you are going to drive partridges for week-ends, you must take about 700 to 800 acres a day, even if the birds are pretty thick, and probably you ought to drive this more than three or four times a season, and only have a few guns the last day. It makes a difference if you have eight guns or four, naturally. (1 and 2) Simply, all depends on the character of the shoot. There is no proportion between partridge ground and covert, because there is no fixed yield of the former; but for week-ends you expect about twenty days. Take four first days in coverts, four second days, and four at cocks, leaving eight days' driving partridges. If the ground is shot over properly twice and once lightly you will need 2,000 acres to 2,500 acres; you can hardly get up a driving shoot on less. If you have some wild coverts and borders you can get in a lot of byedays for yourself.—Ed.]

SIR,—The subject of "week-end" shoots is one which appeals to a very large class engaged in business or in the professions, both in London and in the large provincial towns. Apart from the question of area, and of the best way in which to deal with ground which will be disturbed probably on only one day at a time, except when the principal covert shoots take place, when two or three consecutive days would naturally be arranged for, there occurs the difficulty of selecting the right class of shooting—what may be capital for a sporting college don, for instance, who can shoot all September and in the beginning of October, might be useless for a man who wants to take Saturdays only throughout the season, from the end of September till the end of January. Personal experiences are not very edifying in such matters. The rate of expenditure which one man can afford may seem ridiculously small to another, and the conclusions of no value. Still, I feel inclined to say a word or two on a subject which still affords a good deal of my yearly amusement. My first "week-end" shoots were a considerable area of about 1,500 acres of open downland, cultivated, with a fair stock of partridges, some hares, no coverts, and no fences. Excellent sport was had in September; but after the middle of October it was absolutely useless. You could get near nothing, there were not enough birds to drive, and there were no pheasants or rabbits. It was not a "week-end" shoot at all. The moral was, you must have covert shooting as a *pièce de résistance* any way. My next venture, which I kept on for many years, answered very fairly. But I must add that I wanted to shoot a little in September, walking partridges, and not only at week-ends. The ground was only 900 acres; there were 100 acres in one large wood with plenty of rabbits, and the partridge ground was very fair indeed. I shot on twelve days in September and two days in October, walking birds, often with a friend, and shot 300 partridges. In the wood I had four full days' shooting, asking in all twelve people, and killed 500 head, all wild game. I also had several good days' "pottering" there after rabbits. Total about 800 head. Later this shooting rather fell off. There were no fences on this ground, and partridge shooting was useless after October 10th. It was too small for driving. If there had been five or six small spinneys, and some fences, it would have been a good single-handed week-end shoot. I then with a friend took 1,500 acres, with plenty of fences, and 60 acres of coverts, mostly small. The partridge shooting was poor to start with and bad seasons ruined it. There were plenty of rabbits in all the hedgerows, and we reared a good number of pheasants. It was excellent for week-ends and Christmas shooting, but the distance—two hours from town and nine miles from a station—was prohibitive. I may add that I always had another partridge shoot, and that the ground here spoken of was used strictly for week-end shooting. The last venture was only 800 acres or $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles square, but it was fair partridge land, carried a large head of hares, and had about 150 acres of woods, which would hold 500 birds easily, if we chose to put them down. It was also only six miles from good quarters, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours from town. The bad partridge seasons, unfortunately, spoiled one part of the shooting, but the coverts were a steady and reliable source of sport, while some wild woods with spinneys and "borders" gave any number of days for "pottering," the bag being small, but the whole thing very good. We averaged twenty-one days per season, of one kind or another, and enjoyed them all.—COLCHICUS.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A HARE TRAGEDY.

TWO or three weeks ago, while out with a pack of foot harriers, I was witness of an extraordinary accident to a run hare. We found quickly, and the hare, jumping up suddenly in the very middle of the pack, ran the gauntlet of every hound. How she escaped with her life was a marvel, as it always is on these occasions, for every hound seemed to have a snap at her. She sustained, undoubtedly, a very severe fright, and was so flurried and hustled that one can well understand the tragedy in little which almost immediately ensued. Racing away at the top of her speed, she crossed two fields and a dyke, and quickly put 50 yds. between herself and her pursuers. She now made straight for a gate, and instead of slipping neatly under it, as 999 hares out of 1,000 would have done, she dashed right into the lowermost bar; the force of the concussion broke her neck, and she was actually dead before the leading hounds ran into her. This strange mishap well illustrates the fact, familiar to most hare-hunters, that the eyes of a hunted hare are much more directed to her rear than to any other position; the eye is large and prominent, and so placed that the animal can command a wide field of vision.

SOME CURIOUS INCIDENTS.

Poachers and country people, who understand the ways and habits of the hare, are well aware of this little weakness on the part of one of the very cleverest and most resourceful beasts of chase in the world. There is a very singular but well-authenticated instance of the unwisdom of the hare in this particular mentioned in Daniel's "Rural Sports," published at the beginning of the last century. A hunted hare was running down a narrow lane, with the pack in full cry behind her. An old countrywoman, walking in that direction, saw the chase and made her preparations accordingly. The hare, never looking for danger ahead of her, ran full tilt into the lap of the stooping woman, and was incontinently whipped up in an ample apron, made ready for her, and so secured. There is another curious instance of a hare, hunted through an Essex woodland, speeding along a ride and running headlong into a terrier, which, attracted by the clamour of the hounds, was tearing that way. The two animals met in full career, and after the collision both lay on the ground as if dead. The dog recovered, but the hare's skull was actually beaten in by the tremendous force of the impact, and the animal was lifeless.

THE WOODCOCK OWL.

While crossing a Sussex marsh the other day, a short-eared owl got up out of some long, tussocky grass, and went away down wind at a great pace. This bird, which is also known as the marsh owl, mouse hawk, and hawk owl, is more commonly called by country-folk the woodcock owl, from the fact that its arrival in these islands is usually timed for about the same period as the coming of the woodcock. It has a curious wavering flight, and, by anyone who knows it, is not to be mistaken for any other species. It seldom perches on trees, but has the habit of hiding itself away in just such cover as that in which we found it—grass, fern, heather, etc.—usually in open and



C. Reid.

THE LAUGHING JACKASS.

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exposed ground. The nest, too, is deposited in sedge, grass tussocks, or heather—sometimes in burrows or rabbit-holes. From four to eight eggs are usually laid, but during the great vole plague on the Scottish borders, some eleven or twelve years since, it was noticed that these birds produced as many as thirteen to the nest. The vole inundation attracted large numbers of these interesting birds, as well as other raptors, and no doubt the high feeding resulted in a stronger supply of eggs. It is astonishing how quickly a surplus of any particular kind of food that offers attractions to various birds will produce them, as it were, from space.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF A FOOD SUPPLY.

One may see the same thing in all parts of the world. The instance of the vole plague and its attendant destroyers is not new even in England. Many years ago there was a somewhat similar plague of mice in the neighbourhood of Bridgewater, and it was noticed that in the autumn large numbers of woodcock owls—or hawk owls, as they were called in that locality—were gathered there. In South Africa, on a clear, hot day of summer, after heavy rain, I have seen one of those mighty swarms of white ants, so well known up country, take the air for the brief period of its winged existence. Before this time, you might not set eyes on a hawk or a kite within a mile or two, yet in the space of half-an-hour hundreds, nay thousands, of various small hawks, falcons, and kites were gathered for the feast, all preying voraciously on the fat and luscious dainties that filled the air in myriads. Sometimes these collections of raptorial birds thus attracted by white ants are to be numbered not by thousands, but by tens of thousands. How they are thus gathered, instantaneously, as it were, is one of the real wonders of Nature. The woodcock owl, by the way, is no great favourite of the keepers. He is a most persistent hunter, beating moor and marsh for food even during daylight, and will undoubtedly not disdain a young grouse or partridge.

These birds depart—usually in March—with the woodcock. Some few nest in this country, but the great majority go further north for the breeding season.

A RARE VISITANT.

Towards April and May I always begin to think about that now rare British bird the dotterel (*Eudromias morinellus*), which still likes to make its way to England, despite incessant persecution, and is, I fancy, to be seen by the quiet observer more often than a good many people imagine. On the South Downs, for instance, these birds are to be noted for a brief space each season during spring and early summer. May is probably the best time for them, but from the middle of April—if the weather is warm and open—till the middle of June they are by no means impossible birds in the Sussex Down country, especially if the observer should happen to be abroad in the early morning. The quietest and remotest spots are, of course, the likeliest for them. Breeding chiefly in Transylvania, Styria, and Bohemia, upon the uplands of Northern Europe, and amid the dreary Tundras of Siberia, the dotterel still chooses to make its nest occasionally in the Scottish Highlands. Nay, it is even claimed that, yet more rarely, it breeds in the Lake District. This is by no means impossible. The dotterel owes its downfall in this country largely to its own foolish habits. No creature is more unsuspecting, or more easily shot.

WHY DOTTEREL ARE SCARCE.

These birds have always had the reputation of being among the most stupid of their kind. Drayton, in his "Polyolbion," speaks of their doting silliness before the snares of the fowler. They have been persecuted out of their former plenty in these islands for three chief reasons. First, they are most excellent eating, and their foolish lack of precaution renders them an easy prey; secondly, their plumage is, or was, much sought after by the fly-fisher; and thirdly, they are now so scarce that, unhappily, every man who can raise a gun has a shot at them whenever and wherever they are to be found. The too enthusiastic ornithologist and collector are bad enough; but if we add to them the average gunner, who must slay every rare bird he sights, it must be admitted that the chances of existence of the dotterel in this country are slender indeed. From the insurance point of view its life is a very bad one. Still, as I say, it is to be found, and I shall be much surprised if, within the next month or two, on some quiet upland in the heart of the Down country I do not set eyes on this handsome plover. Seventy or eighty years ago dotterel still afforded fair sport for gunners. A writer in the "Annals of Sporting" for 1823 says: "At certain periods the dotterel is common enough in certain parts of this country. They are found in tolerable plenty in Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, Derbyshire, and also in some parts of Lancashire. On Lincoln Heath and the moors of Derbyshire they appear in flocks of eight or ten at the latter end of April, where they continue during the following month, as well as the greater part of June; during which time they are very fat and much esteemed for the excellence of their flavour. In Cambridgeshire their appearance and stay are similar. At the same period they also appear at North Meols, in Lancashire, and in the neighbourhood of Martin Mere." They were also familiar birds at this period on the Berkshire and Wiltshire Downs and the wolds of Yorkshire. The dotterel leaves us after a few weeks, except where it stays to breed, puts in a brief reappearance in August or September, and then hies away for the winter to Palestine and North Africa. H. A. B.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

THE season of 1902-3 is over. If it is not the best on record, it will be remembered as a good one. There has been almost no frost, and practically no snow at all. On the other hand, there has been plenty of rain. Foxes have been plentiful in Leicestershire as elsewhere, and now, at the close of March, seven were reported to me as haunting some fields and hedgerows within a mile of the house from which I am writing, and doubtless many other neighbourhoods would make the same report. We may perhaps have a quiet bye-day to disturb these. Turning to the country which must always stand first—the Quorn—the present season has witnessed a great revival of sport in that country. The steady work of Tom Bishopp both in the kennel and the field has borne fruit, and there have been some runs, both on the Charnwood Forest side and in the Frilay country, which were quite worthy of the Quorn and its past history. The reports as to the resignation of the Master have passed away, and it is to be hoped that Captain Burns-Hartopp may reign over the Hunt. In days of prosperity no one could have faced a series of unexpected misfortunes and mishaps with better courage or more undaunted pluck. Probably no other Master would have stood us so well through bad times. There have been whispers as to the preservation of foxes in some parts of the country, but with a huntsman who kills his foxes as Bishopp does, these are likely to die away. No Hunt can expect to have foxes unless it kills them. However excellent a run may have been in the eyes of the pursuers, there is always something ineffectual to the rustic mind about a pack that does not kill. Moreover, whatever theorists about hunting may say, no hounds that are not blooded will hunt satisfactorily or show good sport for long. The Cottesmore and Mr. Fernie's have had perhaps better seasons than the average. This is not so surprising in the former pack, for they have a scenting country and a first-rate supply of wild foxes. Their woodlands are fox preserves first of all; shooting is a secondary thought. In Mr. Fernie's country everyone must, I think, be struck with the number of stout foxes that have run before hounds during the season, and that in a country which from the number of small artificial coverts and the absence of woodlands might be supposed to breed nothing but short-running foxes. I believe that credit is due for this to two causes; first to the loyalty of the covert-owners, and secondly to the intelligent care bestowed on the coverts themselves by the huntsman, Charles Isaacs. Apparently, too, there is something in the breed of foxes, and I see no reason to doubt that, just as there are stout families of horses and of hounds, the same may be true of foxes. Glooston and Stanton Woods were noted for their gallant foxes a century ago, and still their descendants afford long runs; but not only must coverts

be well looked after—they must be kept quiet. Probably Shington Holt (a small wood) has failed not from want of foxes, but because of continual disturbance (not by hounds) of the covert. This would account for the fact that they have not been found there when they were wanted. In the Belvoir country sport has been thoroughly good all the season. There have not been many great runs perhaps, but, what is far better, there has been a high average of sport. Each day has brought with it something to fill the hours with pleasure. It is better to have a large number of average days than to have the season illustrated by remarkable hunts either wonderful for speed or distance. In either case few people really see the sport, and even to those the enjoyment is modified for many by wondering whether the horse will last out.

I wrote last week of the conference about capping, but it is difficult to believe that the Belvoir delegates would favour it; the system is so entirely against the traditions of the Hunt. Of the other Hunts, two Masters are said to dislike the idea. The composition of the fields in Leicestershire is so different in many ways from those in Northamptonshire and Warwickshire that a system which might succeed very well in one would not answer at all in the other. The Pytchley claim that it is a success, but there is no doubt that in some respects they will have to modify their rules to meet the change brought about by the cap. At all events, the system of capping in vogue with the Pytchley has revealed to the public generally what I have always believed, and that is how small is the number of people present at most meets who are really strangers. The other day there were only six out of a large field. It is in North Warwickshire that the effect of the cap is most noticeable. The Master says that it has reduced his field by two-thirds. Considering that the subscription to the North Warwickshire is only £10, this is curious. The ultimate result will be, I believe, to increase the subscription. Some people from large towns, being of a frugal mind, prefer to forego the close of the season to paying for a part only. Next year the £10 notes will flow in, for, to tell the truth, the sport of the North Warwickshire is well worth paying for. There is now much less plough than formerly was the case, especially on the Birmingham side of the country.

But to return to the Pytchley, for some two or three seasons past their sport has not been quite so good as that of their neighbours. Lord Annaly, the new Master, thinks that the hounds do not hunt as they ought to do, that they depend too much on their huntsman. The Pytchley have, in fact, always shown the best sport when the hounds have been allowed to hunt. Two Masters in the past who were their own huntsmen showed marvellous runs, viz., Mr. Tom Smith and Colonel J. Anstruther Thomson, and both taught their hounds to depend on themselves. I believe the new system, or the renewal of the old, will work greatly to the benefit of sport. Indeed, after all, fox-hunting in its best form, whether o'er field or furrow, grass or plough, consists in the hunting of a fox by hounds. Every generation we have to be brought back to this, for huntsmen (and those often the most able) are always falling into the fanatic heresy that they can catch the fox themselves. This is possible, too, for a clever huntsman with well-trained whippers-in. By means of view-holloas, clapping forward, telegraphing by the men to one another, the system may flourish for a time. But such methods are always followed by periods of indifferent sport. The hounds deteriorate, not in make and shape perhaps, but in their hunting, and at last on bad scenting days or with short-running foxes it is impossible to keep them on the line at all. Then comes the swing of the pendulum, and we go to the other extreme. But there are limits to a foxhound's powers, and the huntsman is required to supplement these, and at the right moment. Hounds will not bother to work if they are never left alone, but they become slack and pottering if they are not kept up to the mark and helped when they have come to the end of their own resources, to which we must not forget that, splendid as the instincts and intelligence of a hound are, there are limits.

Out-side the grass countries the sport has been good. I have written already of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, and the Vale of White Horse, too, have an excellent record. But perhaps, all things considered, no pack has done better than the South Cheshire. They have had some glorious gallops, and the hounds can race and hunt.

During the season death has removed some notable figures from the company of fox-hunters. Of these the most notable was Lord Willoughby de Broke, who combined the finest horsemanship with a great gift for hunting hounds. He has left behind him a wonderful pack of hounds, and the sport under his son and successor is what it was. Nor could there be a higher standard to judge by. The pack can hunt and race, and, what is more, they are full of music. The contrary has been asserted, but the late Lord Willoughby and his kennel huntsman, Boore (now huntsman to Lord Rothschild), were stern when it came to drafting, and no looks would save a mute hound or one that was not perfect in his work. The old writers say that Warwickshire was the third best hunting county in England, but it might, perhaps, be bracketed with Leicestershire and Northamptonshire at the head of the first class, on account of the consistent excellence of the sport shown nowadays.

On the whole, then, the late season has been not only an open one, but a good one for sport, and the two things do not always go together. Nor is this all; there is a distinct indication that wire is a less formidable hindrance than it was, since so much of it is taken down, and mange is being gradually eradicated among the foxes. The season has been a good one for trade. One of the largest London and one of the best-known Midland saddlers have both told me that they never sold so many saddles before in any one season. The demand has been almost greater than they could supply. All this speaks well for the future of hunting, which, as long as we are careful and prudent, is not likely, in our day, to be seriously imperilled.

In the Puckeridge and the Essex Union the present Masters are willing to go on for another season, and both Mr. Edward Barclay and Mr. Mashiter have deserved well of Herts and Essex sportsmen. The Crowhurst Otter-hounds are an established fact, which, I believe, is due to Mr. Cheesman. They start with a huntsman and hounds from Devonshire, one of the homes of otter-hunting. The minimum subscription to entitle to a card is £1 1s., and the day of hunting is to be Saturday. X.

LINCOLN AND LIVERPOOL.

IN the horse-racing world we have just passed the most important week in all the year. The Grand National is practically the last and greatest jumping race of the season, and the Lincolnshire Meeting is the opening of the flat racing. In both there were features quite out of the ordinary. The victory of Over Norton came as a surprise to most people who only follow racing in this country, for although the horse did great things on the Continent last year, it must be admitted that his performances on English ground did not in any way come up to the promise he showed when, with 13lb. more to carry last year, he finished in the Lincolnshire only a short head behind Sceptre, the filly as a three year old carrying 6st. 7lb. This year she had to give him the advantage of 23lb., and it says much for the confidence of her backers that she could still hold her own in the estimation of the public at that weight. Of course, when her performance last year is compared with that of Over Norton, the mare stands out miles ahead; but March is not a mares' month, and perhaps the public favourite may yet show herself worthy of the confidence



W. A. Rouch.

SCEPTRE LEADS THE PARADE.

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a very uncertain quantity, even supposing the full facts are known; and what owner can be quite sure that his horse is being given a fair trial when it is in the very pink of condition, and that it will be equally fit when it faces the starter? Mauvezin



W. A. Rouch.

THE FINISH OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

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which has been placed in her. Of the other favourites who disappointed their supporters, Our Lassie acquired probably a fictitious value on account of the very severe trial in which she was reported to have shown her powers; but, after all, trials are

was never dangerous, and greatly disappointed his supporters, who had made him favourite, by finishing among the last lot. The winner is not a horse that catches the eye in any way; in fact, he was described by one of the crowd who witnessed his triumph as an "ugly brute," but this opinion may have been biased, and "handsome is as handsome does." In any case, he won in company which proves that he has a turn for speed that cannot be ignored when next he appears in public. That Mr. Bingley, whose judgment in the matter of horseflesh cannot be questioned, should have sold him for 800 guineas and £400 provided he won the Lincolnshire, is one of those things which puzzle the men who make a study of the thorough-bred as seen on the turf and in the sale-ring. Few will doubt, however, that Messrs. Irish and Millard have made a very good investment in buying such a horse for twelve hundred and odd pounds. The sale of Mr. Sievier's Sceptre is more of a speculation;



W. A. Rouch.

A LARGE FIELD.

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That the mare is a good one is a certainty, and the list of races for which she is entered gives her new owner, Captain W. Hamar Bass, a good chance of getting his money back; but there is no greater form of gamble than buying a mare for stud. She may throw stock worthy of her own fame, and that of her ancestors, or her offspring may be practically valueless. Many three year old fillies have distinguished themselves while their short career on the turf lasted, but, alas, when the time came for their stock to show something like the same qualities, they have been found sadly lacking. The other races at Lincoln were not of sufficient interest



W. A. Rouch.

AMBUSH II. PASSING THE ROYAL BOX.

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remembered that one is more likely to form a favourable opinion of a new lot of youngsters if seen under pleasing conditions. There did not seem to be any of conspicuous merit out, but a useful lot, some of whom are likely to be heard of later.

In the last part of the week the interest of racing men was centered on Aintree. Never was there a more open Grand National; the various candidates saw-sawed

up and down in public estimation, and their public performances showed so little consistent form that a reliable opinion could not be arrived at. Of the twenty-three starters only seven completed the course. The others came to grief at various times during the



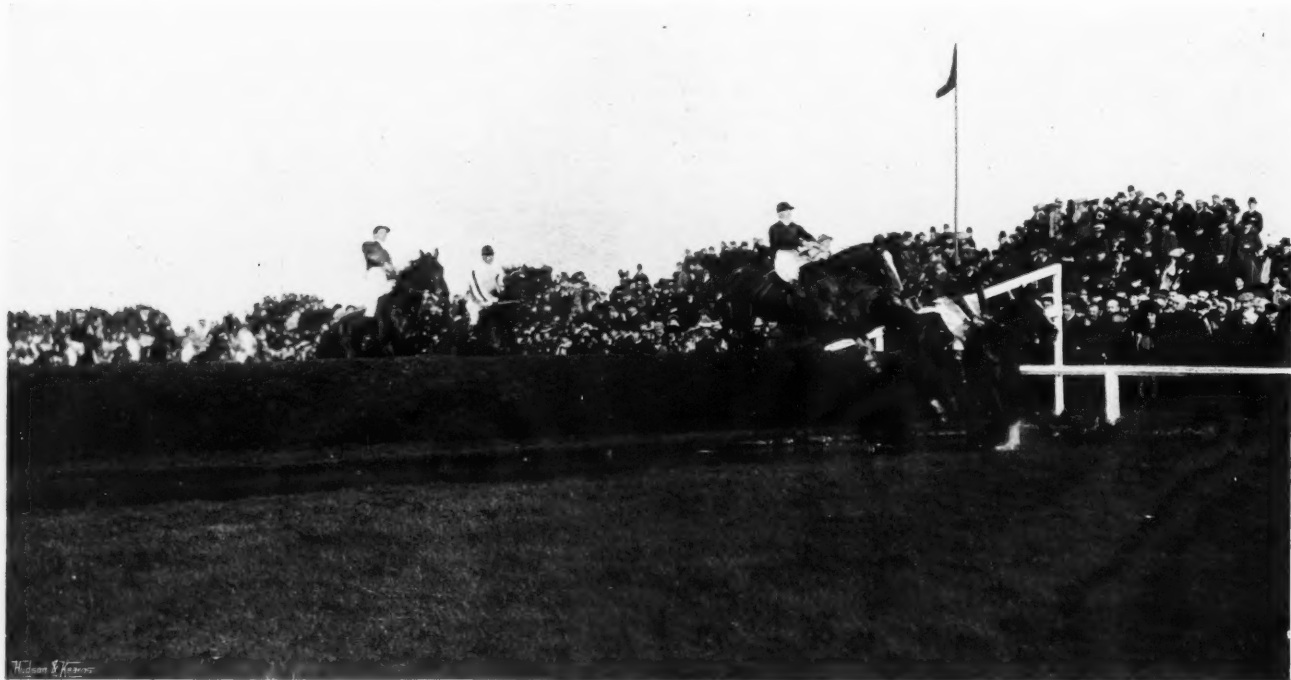
W. A. Rouch.

THE START FOR THE NATIONAL.

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to deserve any lengthened description. The two year olds entered for the Brocklesby Stakes were generally voted better than last year, but the genial weather may have to be taken into account, for a fine, sunshiny day improves the looks of a horse in a way that it is hard to realise, especially when it is

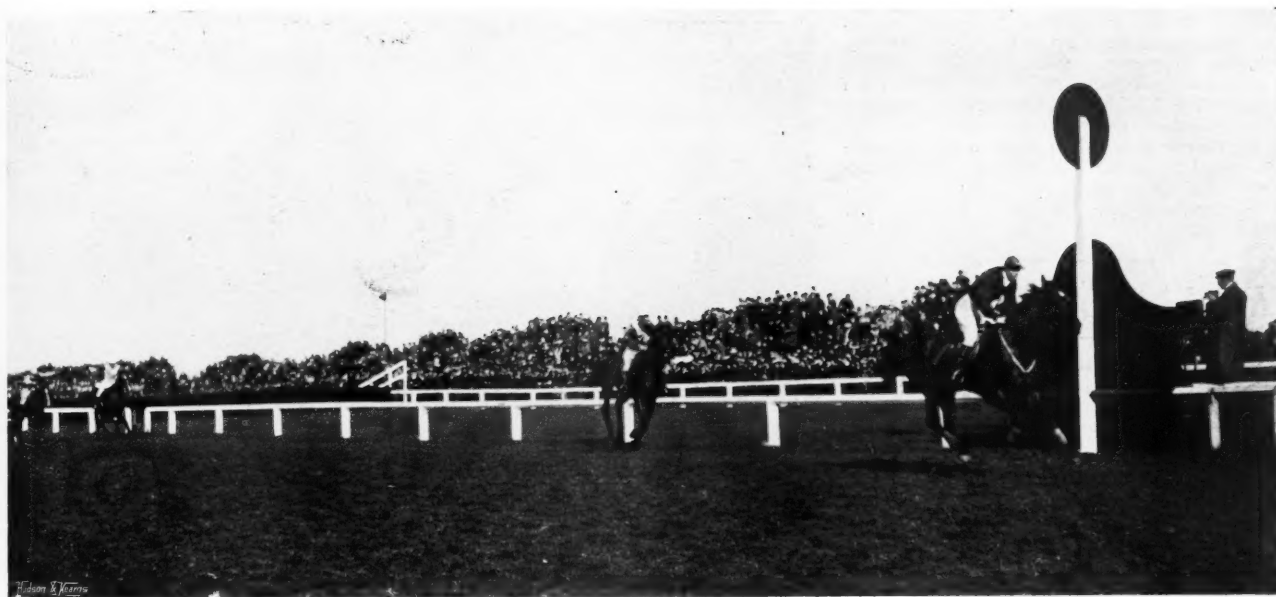
proceedings; more than half of the entry were down before the first round had been completed, and no less than ten missed at the water. His Majesty's horse, Ambush II., came down at the last fence when he seemed in a fair way to retrieve some of the glory he lost at Sandown Park. After this the race lay between



W. A. Rouch.

MATHEW LEADS OVER THE WATER.

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DRUMCREE WINS.

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Drumcree and Detail, while that splendid old chaser, Manifesto, was making a gallant effort to beat Kirkland for the third place.

The old horse had many sympathisers, and it was a very creditable performance for a horse of fifteen years to get a third place with such a burden to carry over the four and a-half mile course with obstacles which were in themselves enough to stop many of his juniors. The King's horse was very well supported, and if he had won there would have been any amount of enthusiasm, for His Majesty has no more fervent admirers than those among his subjects who are good sportsmen. But such is the nature of the British constitution, that a gallant struggle against great odds always appeals to them. Manifesto had so often borne his colours to victory when the odds appeared to be against him, that it almost seemed as if the veteran had still a chance. But it was not to be, and the favourite Drumcree won easily, followed by Detail three lengths behind.

The crowd, even for a Grand National day, was a record one, and when His Majesty drove up, accompanied by the Countess of Derby and Lord Roberts, the frantic cheering was something to be remembered. The Royal party included Lord and Lady Derby, Lord Roberts, Lord Farquhar, Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lady Norreys, Lady Lurgan, Lord Essex, Mr. Arthur Coventry, and Mr. and Mrs. Maguire. The weather was very much like that which prevailed last year, but we do not look for genial summer weather for the Grand National week, and the going was better than was anticipated. An enclosure after the model of that at Gatwick has been formed in the paddock for the horses to walk round. This is a great improvement on the old system, by which anyone anxious to get a good view of the starters ran considerable risks of being kicked. Unfortunately several of the candidates did not put in an appearance, much to the disappointment of many of their admirers. There is the usual discussion going on as to whether the steeplechase horse of to-day can compare with the heroes of the past, but now, as always, such an

argument ends in smoke; there is and can be no means of comparison.

ON THE GREEN.

IF anybody, in those Greek Kalends when he shall be "too old for golf," thinks that he will extract satisfaction from "collections and recollections by one who kept a (golfing) diary," that is to say, if he wishes a convenient record of his performances to look back on, he ought to get one of the "Leigh Golf Record" books which Messrs. Vickery are publishing. There is a completeness about this book or books (for there is a little one, a kind of day book, as compared with the ledger, that looks like a baby or puppy of the bigger) that is hardly human. There are places for the insertion of all connected with a golf match—where played, date, opponent, opponent's handicap, strokes given, strokes received, result of match, and score. Also places for insertion of number of yards of each hole, and of the strokes taken at each by "bogey" and by the player respectively. The baby book is for the pocket, and records these things in brief, and also contains a copy of the rules, which always is useful. The bigger book is for the desk, and for entries *in extenso*. Of course, there are golfers whose attitude to all these things is very much that of a Gallio, even as there are many who never keep accounts; but probably there will come a time in the life of all of us when we shall be living more in our retrospect than in the present or the future, and will find much pleasure in a record of

past joy and sorrow. The extracts from the late Mr. F. G. Tait's golfing diary, which were published in his life by Mr. J. Low, were of interest to all who had taken any part in the golf of the date at which they were jotted down.

The news that Harry Vardon has broken a blood vessel, and is lying seriously ill as a natural consequence, is not only a very bad piece of news in itself, but also a very unexpected piece of bad news. The last time that I saw him he looked the very picture of a man in first-class condition and training, the last in the world to suffer such a disaster. It is not said whether he ruptured the vessel in the act of golfing, but this, too, is the last thing we should expect to hear from a golfer of his easy style, although it has the knack of driving the ball so well. In any case we can but wish him a speedy and perfect recovery.

The names of the officers of the Oxford University Golf Club must seem to remind a good many of us that we are just a generation behind (or is it before?) the times—that is to say, the good and golden time of youth. There are Mr. J. O. Fairlie, the captain, Mr. S. C. Everard, the secretary, and



W. A. Rouch. THE WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL.

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Mr. Balfour-Melville, an official of less eminent importance. These are names that take us back a good long way in the golfing story. At the same time they show a kind of heredity in golf. Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell has somewhere (I think in the Badminton Library volume on Cricket) remarked that cricket capacity does not generally seem to descend from father to son, but rather to be shared by a band of brothers, such as the Lytteltons and the Studds, but in golf it hardly seems that the remark applies. The golfing faculty appears transmissible.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

FROM THE FARMS.

BLACK SUMATRA GAME.

BLACK Sumatra game are at the present time practically unknown in this country, but in America they are still bred, and are reported as being "dead game." Whites were also bred, but the blacks, being considered the most beautiful, received more support, and whites are now rarely heard of. A great feature of Sumatras is the beautiful sheen of their plumage. On a sunny day the birds (both cocks and hens) look as if they were clad in metal. The cocks are as beautiful as any known in this country. They have a great deal of hackle, and a large number of sickles and coverts. The tail itself is very long and flowing, but in spite of this it does not get "draggled" in wet weather. The hens are not so full feathered. Both cocks and hens should have small pea combs, the smaller the better. The birds are said to be excellent for the table, and the hens are good layers of medium-sized eggs. The American Poultry Association gives a standard for the variety, but at present they are not included among the breeds of our Poultry Club. The birds we show in our photographs were winners at the Pan-American Exposition in 1901. They were imported by Mr. Frederick R. Eaton from Canada last year.

SCRATCHING-SHEDS.

We have received several enquiries of which the following is an example: "In regard to the correspondence lately on trap nests and scratching-sheds for poultry, I wish to thank you for the sketch on page 382, in issue of March 21st, but also to point out that it is not possible to make practical use of the diagram unless more details can be given. I have submitted it to our local joiner, but, as he points out, he cannot attempt to fit up a shed on the same lines until he knows to what those notches refer in the middle of the shed: and is there a floor? Where do the droppings go from the perches? Where is the part which is called the scratching-shed, and what about perches? I and many of my neighbours are most anxious to erect a modern poultry-house, and runs, etc. (field space *ad. lib.*), if COUNTRY LIFE will but kindly devote space to full details, including measurements (for proportion's sake), such as to enable our local joiner to carry out the scheme successfully." In response to these enquiries regarding the dimensions of the scratching-sheds, we are now enabled to add the following particulars, which will



A SUMATRA GAME COCK.

serve as a guide to those contemplating the erection of these useful poultry-houses. Heights (front, facing south) 7ft., apex 9ft., back 4ft. Corridor 3ft. wide. Depth (front to back) 12ft. Width of shed varies according to number of birds kept in it. Allow 10 square feet of floor room per bird. Floor of shed, earth, strewn with litter 6in. to 10in. deep, giving the active varieties the greater depth. Perch support about 2ft. off ground. Slots (marked S) for the perch to drop into about 2ft. apart. The board (D) is 2ft. wide, and fastened 9in. to 12in. below the perch to catch the droppings. The match-boarding of the sides must be carried well above the heads of the inmates when at roost, and the extreme flanks of a series of sheds should be boarded right to the top. Nest-boxes 15in. deep, 12in. wide, 15in. high. The floor of corridor may be raised 18in., with a runway gully for exit of birds to grass runs. Wire 2in. mesh, 4ft. high for heavy breeds, 6ft. high for light breeds.

AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATION.

Mr. Hanbury gave a very useful lecture to the agriculturists who assembled at Reading, and he also spoke while at Northampton to the Chamber of Agriculture there. One of the points on which he was most insistent was, that farmers should make more use of the weapon of combination, particularly as regards co-operating for the purchase of seed, food, and manures. The examples he gave of co-operation were most instructive, as, for instance, that societies had started sheep-dipping in common, that in Wales a seed-testing station had been started. These are only two out of many instances. In buying the society has a very great advantage over the individual, because a combination of farmers can naturally purchase in a more wholesale manner than any single man could do, and they are also in a position to obtain better terms, because their orders are large, and payment for them is practically certain. These, no doubt, are the forms that co-operation can advantageously take in England. For a long time it was thought that dairying could be done in the same way, but the milk trade has so completely over-shadowed the making of butter that the latter is not now regarded as a very serious part of English farming, though there is one exception to this rule—it is that where large quantities of pigs are kept to consume the separated milk and a herd of Jerseys is maintained for butter. The combination of occupations has been shown to be profitable.

THE LAMBING SEASON.

For the greater part of England the lambing season is now over, and, on the whole, it seems to have been a very good one. The Southdowns and Hampshires and Oxfordshires have done exceptionally well. At one or two places, however, rather more ewes have died than usual, which has been set down as a result of the very wet weather. Of Shropshires we hear very good accounts, the average crop of lambs being reported from the home of this breed as averaging about one and a-half per ewe. Leicesters have also had a very satisfactory season, and even aged ewes are selling well at the present moment. Of cross-bred



A DARK FAMILY.

sheep we have not quite such good reports, the percentage of deaths appearing to be somewhat greater than in the registered flocks. In the far north of England Cheviots and Border Leicester are only beginning to drop their lambs, but from the farms where there are lambs we have had some excellent reports. In the hill country the shepherds manage to have the lambs later than this to avoid the effects of the late snowstorms.

SCOTTISH DAIRYING.

The Highland and Agricultural Society has taken a very wise step towards the encouragement of scientific and accurate dairy-work. A new scheme has been formed whereby the sum of £200 has been set aside for the purpose of assisting breeders and owners of dairy stock to keep exact records of the milk yields of their cows. The only condition attached is that the society shall have a right to publish all the records and the results of the tests applied to the milk. Experts will be appointed to pay surprise visits to the various farms for the purpose. They will weigh two milkings of each cow, and test a sample in order to obtain the butter ratio. Nothing could advance the best interests of dairying better than the thorough carrying out of this scheme. It embodies what has been done practically in every good English dairy for some years back. We have from

they had grown in a crooked and eccentric fashion, distasteful to the London County Council. Whether this fact was due to their baleful proximity to a Government Department I do not know, but it is somewhat remarkable that their nearest neighbours—at the back of King's College—have not suffered in similar fashion.—*TEMPLAR.*

GROWING THE RIVIERA ANEMONES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just returned from Nice, and should like to grow some of the beautiful anemones which make brave masses of colour there just now. Would you kindly tell me when to sow the seed?—*A. M.*

[Get the St. Brigid strain, and sow the seed as soon as ripe. Make the seed-bed of fairly porous soil and in an open spot. It is a good plan to scrape the surface of the bed with a well worn-down garden broom just before sowing, which should be done broadcast, the seed being thinly sprinkled with sandy soil. After this make the bed smooth and shade it from the sun until the seedlings begin to appear, when the shading material must be removed. Never allow the bed to get dry.—*ED.*]

THE TAMARISK BY THE SEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could your readers kindly tell me something about the feathery shrub named tamarisk which is frequently used as a hedge along our sea coast, but



Walmsley.

FEEDING SHEEP.

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time to time published the records made by some of the very best cows in the dairies of Lord Rothschild, Sir James Blyth, the King, and others who take a keen interest in the advance of this species of farming, and set an example that deserves to be followed everywhere.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TREES ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some indignation has been caused lately by the fact that about a dozen of the trees on the Thames Embankment have been cut down. The exact position of those affected was at the back of Somerset House, stretching eastwards from Waterloo Bridge. Those who are interested in the preservation of London's only boulevard were afraid that parsimony or some other deadly reason was the cause of the change. Then a rumour went abroad that the clerks at Somerset House considered that the trees interfered with the access of light to the basement. As there is about fifty feet space between the trees and the nearest windows, this explanation seemed improbable. I am glad to say, however, that fresh trees are now being planted, although the newcomers are so young that they may destroy to some extent the symmetry of the whole. It appears that the first set of trees had to be cut down because

seldom inland? It is very beautiful when crowded with its pink flowers, and I wish to plant it here (soil light).—*T. B. A., Hindhead.*

[Our experience is that the tamarisk will grow in almost any soil—even in heavy clay—but perhaps gravelly loam is most suitable. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the breath of the sea is necessary to its well-doing, for even near London it will make big feathery bushes, weighted with sprays of pink foamy flowers, which have in the distance a pleasant misty look. It is as happy upon a bank as by a stream, provided there is full exposure to the sun. It is only needful to prune back occasionally the long straggling shoots to keep the shrub within bounds, although if mere height is desired it will grow from 10ft. to 15ft. very quickly. Close pruning, as practised in seaside resorts, means simply cutting away the flowers. The tamarisk is not so much thought of in England as it deserves.—*ED.*]

A BLACKBIRD'S NEST IN A GREENHOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a small garden in this place, within a few yards of the centre of the town, I have a very small greenhouse, 7ft. long by 5ft. wide, and too small to stand up in with my hat on. Among the flower-pots, on a shelf about 4ft. high in a corner, a blackbird has built her nest, and has now laid three eggs. The cock bird goes in at times and sits at the side of the nest with her. As I am anxious not to disturb her, I have to wait till she is off the nest to water and attend to the plants. I have removed those on the shelf above so as to prevent the water running down on the nest. There is a small broken pane in the roof by which the

birds get in when the door and window are shut. As I have never heard of a blackbird building in such a place, it may interest your readers, and perhaps some of them may know of a similar case.—T. R. M., Bournemouth.

"HOW THE ANIMALS DIE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I say in answer to Mr. Weekes's letter in your issue of 21st ult., that the only credit *The Field Naturalist's Quarterly* claims in respect to the article "How the Animals Die" (W. Long), is the credit of seeing that it deserved the widest recognition at the hands of Nature-lovers. That we were quite right in our estimate has been proved by the great attention which the article has attracted. We only regret that whereas in the *F.N.Q.* a full and detailed acknowledgment of the source of the article was given, most of our contemporaries who quoted it have omitted that reference.—GERALD LEIGHTON, M.D., Editor *Field Naturalist's Quarterly*, 17, Hartington Place, Edinburgh.

CHARTLEY WILD CATTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“The Wild White Cattle of Great Britain: an Account of their Origin, History, and Present State,” by the late Rev. John Storer, M.A., published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin several years ago, will supply most interesting information, not only about the Chartley herd, but about the very few others that are still in existence. The author quotes Mosley as follows: “About this time—32nd and 33rd of Henry III., that is A.D. 1248-1249—some of the wild cattle of the country, which had hitherto roamed at large in the Forest of Needwood, were driven into the park at this place, where the breed is still preserved.” The author says, “The number of the wild cattle is said to have not generally exceeded thirty,” “yet,” says Mr. Shirley, whom he quotes, “in April, 1851, there were forty-eight, and in November, 1873, there were twenty-seven, their colour white with black ears.” And, speaking for himself, Mr. Storer states, “They were, when I first saw them in 1874, twenty-five in number. There were ten breeding cows, four bulls, two of these being adults, six steers, and five heifers of various ages.” With respect to “black calves,” the author remarks, “black calves are not at all uncommon; three had been born during the two years preceding my visit in July, 1874, and I have not heard that the Ferrers family suffered in any way in consequence, so we may hope that the charm is broken.” I was informed a few years ago, by a friend, that Mr. Storer's book was out of print. It contains, so far as I am aware, the best and fullest account of our “wild white cattle” and their habits, and will well repay perusal by anyone having access to it.—R. S. W.

JACKDAWS TURNING WHITE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—If you can find space to publish this letter, it might be interesting to some of your readers. I have lately noticed in this locality, the eastern district of Stirlingshire, quite a number of jackdaws which have several white feathers in each wing. The white parts of the bird show quite distinctly when flying. What is more curious is, that in a tame jackdaw I have some of its wing feathers have turned white during the last three weeks. The bird is two years old and came from England. It has not moulted and grown white feathers, but feathers which were originally black are slowly becoming white. This is



the first year I have noticed any white-feathered jackdaws in the district, and I shall be very glad if any of your readers can throw any light on the subject.—T. T. WILSON, Falkirk, Stirlingshire.

DEAD STARLING IN LAMP CHIMNEY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The Rectory house being unoccupied in the spring, starlings seeking suitable nesting-places found their way into the top attics. The unfortunate bird depicted had entered the glass chimney of an oil lamp, the chimney being placed within and supported by a globe. The starling appears to have struggled vainly until exhausted, and to have then died. The mummified body is so firmly fixed that it cannot be withdrawn.—REV. HAROLD BUCKTON, Molesworth Rectory.



THE BEAUTIFUL WYE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending herewith a photograph of the Wye at Ashwood Dale, which I think will perhaps be of interest to fishers and also to some of your readers. One need not, at this time of day, stop to recite the praises of the famous and beautiful little river which so many poets have sung of and so many artists have tried to paint. I think the photograph gives at least some idea of its beauty.—A. W.

"THE PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The subject of consumption and its prevention is receiving very great attention at the present time, and many local and other bodies have placarded their parishes and conveyances and places used by the public with notices asking people to abstain from spitting in such places and vehicles. So far has the matter advanced, that it is now a finable offence for users of the footpaths in one district to expectorate thereon (a very good measure so far as the appearance of our streets is concerned). There is no doubt that the wish of all who have read or know of the frightful ravages of the consumption germ, is that the disease may be arrested in its course, and possibly eventually eradicated. But it is rather questionable whether the methods now being adopted are likely to tend at all in that direction. The idea, presumably, is that, by the abstention of people from expectorating in public places, the consumption germ will not be let loose to perform its fell work; but given that, as an alternative, the handkerchief is used as the receptacle, is not the germ still there, to be liberated into the air on the absorption by the handkerchief of the moisture, or, possibly, to remain there until the cambric reaches the laundry, to be inhaled by the laundry man or woman? Possibly some good might be done towards the diminution of the spread of consumption if the local authorities would impose a very heavy fine upon all members of the fair sex who so idiotically persist in scattering the dust, and all it contains, of our streets by means of their trailing garments. If the medical authorities now so keenly tackling the subject of consumption would take the public into their confidence and announce some disinfectant which, used in the form of a scent on the handkerchief (and, *pro bono publico*, supplied free by local authorities in necessary cases), would kill the consumption germ, then might we feel that steps were indeed being taken towards the “prevention of consumption.”—ANTI-GERM.

AN INTELLIGENT PIGLING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose two photographs in case you think either sufficiently interesting to put in your paper. The little pig was ten days old when they were taken, was brought up entirely on a baby's bottle, and lived in the hamper till old enough to be promoted to more roomy quarters. It was most intelligent, would come when called, and follow its owner when out walking like a dog. Though now grown up into a fine specimen of pig, it always seems pleased at a visit from its late owner, and at once recognises her voice.—C. W.

[We reproduce one of the photographs.—ED.]